FEBRUARY 1965

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-NINE, NUMBER TWO

FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS
The Future of the Civil Rights Movement
BAYARD RUSTIN

What Happened at Berkeley: Nathan Glazer

A KIND OF SURVIVOR: George Steiner

COMMUNISM IN ASIA: Donald S. Zagoria

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HOW GOOD IS ISRAELI ART?: Hilton Kramer

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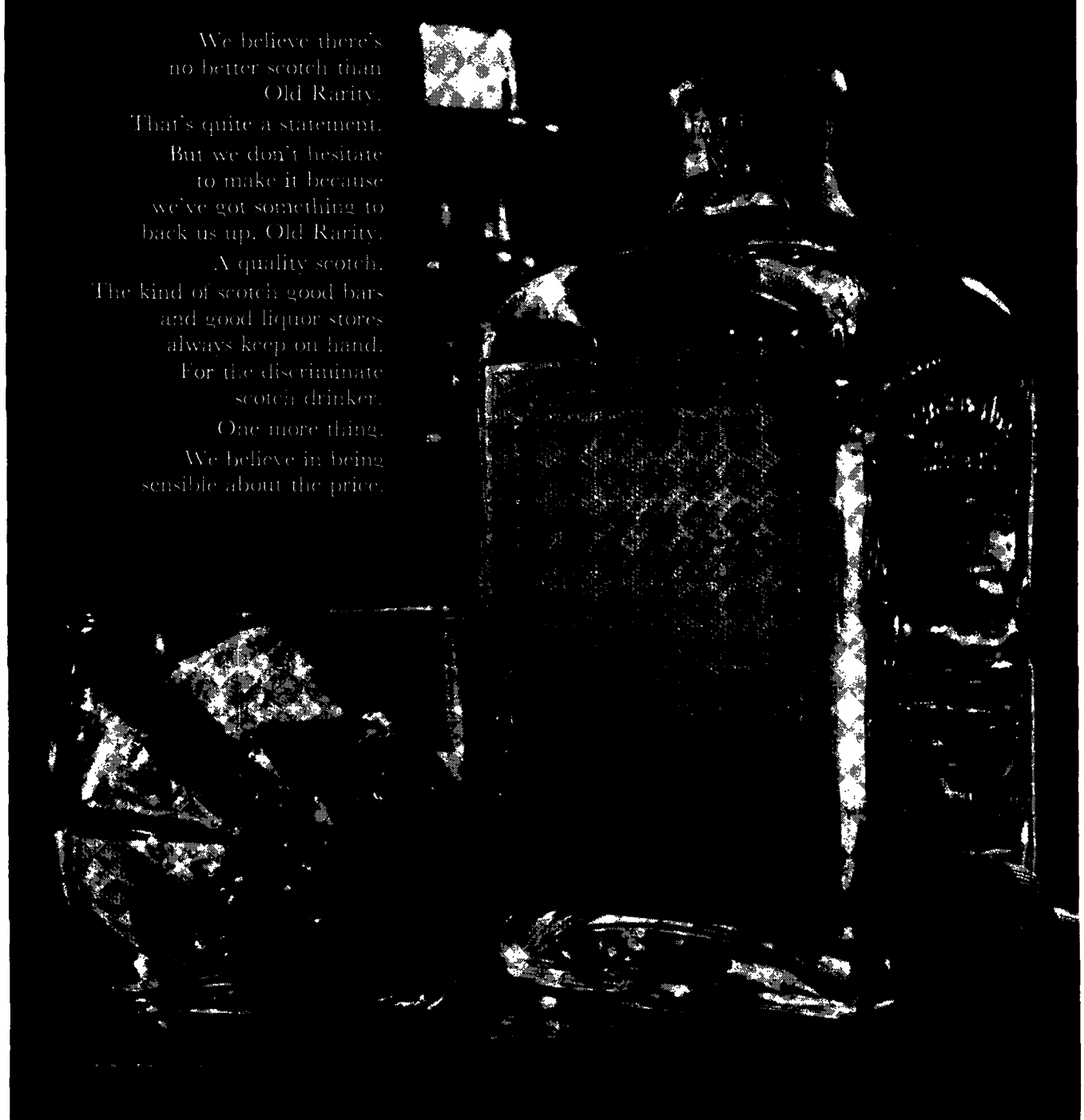

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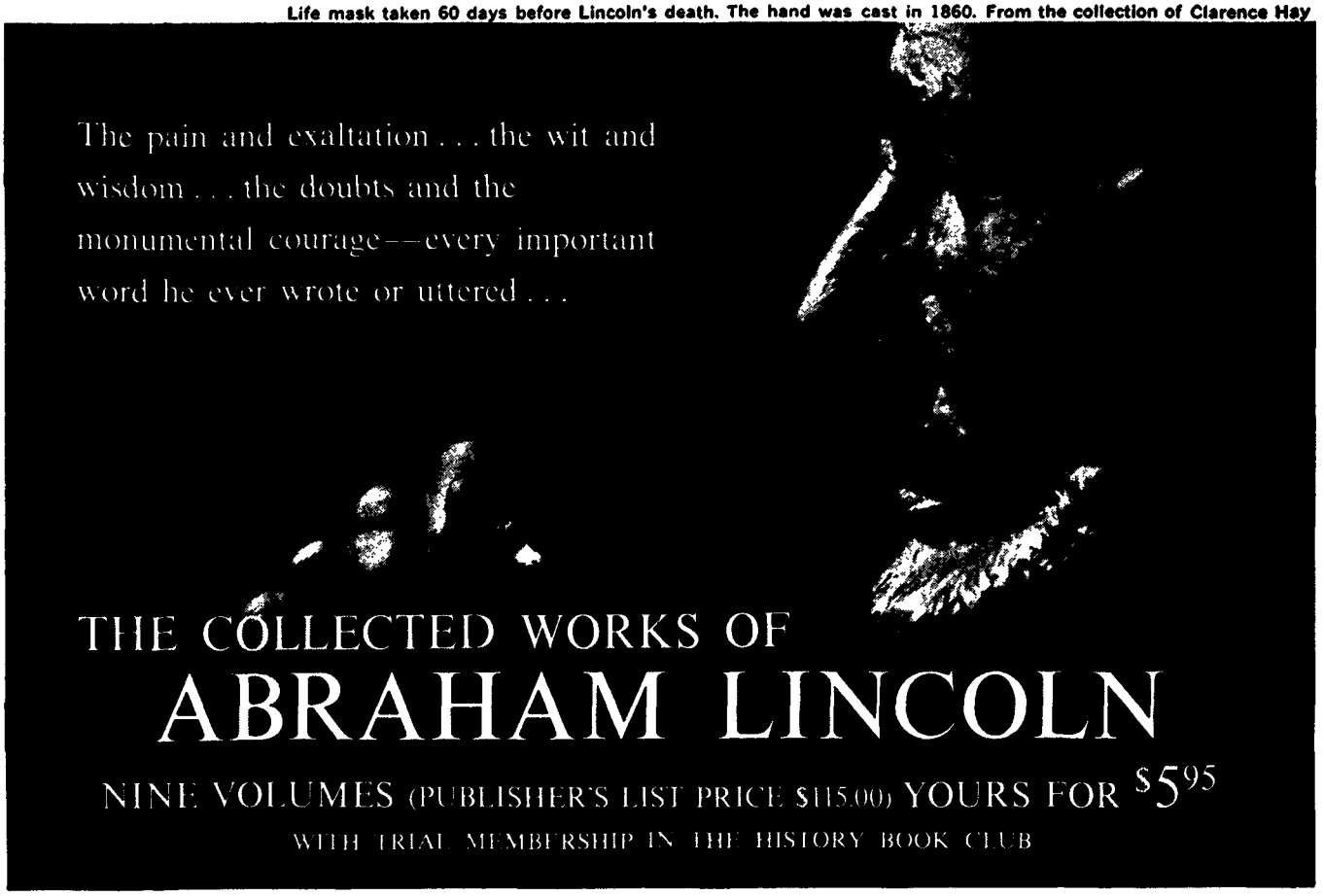
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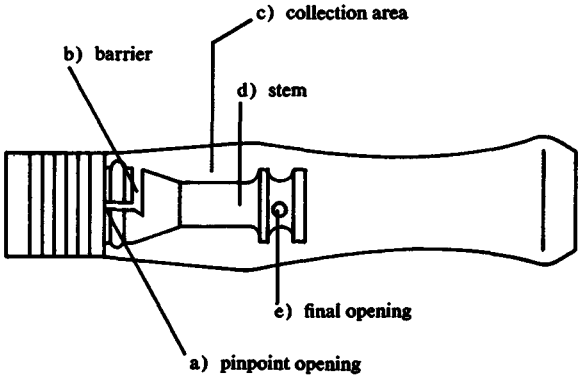

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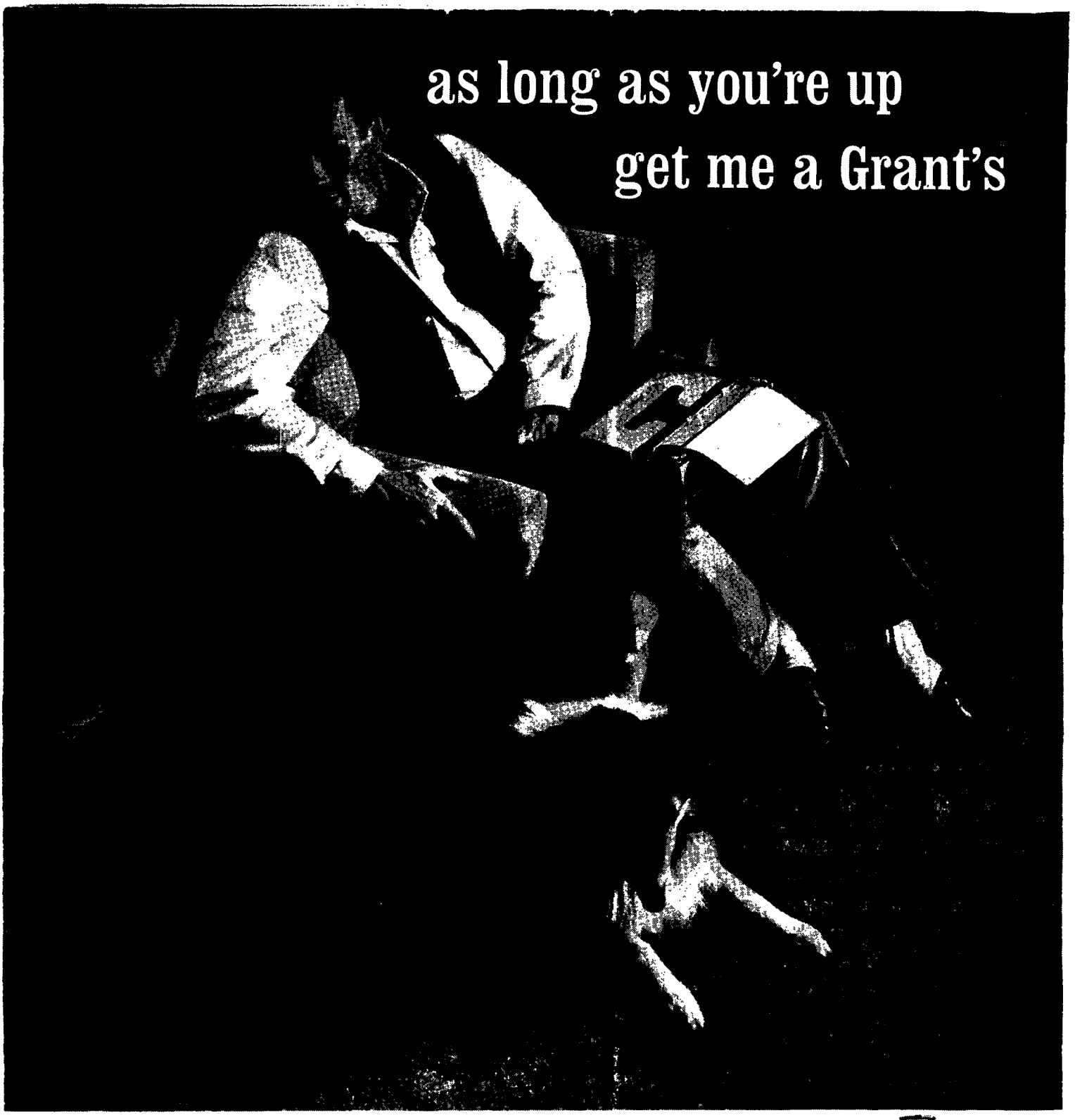

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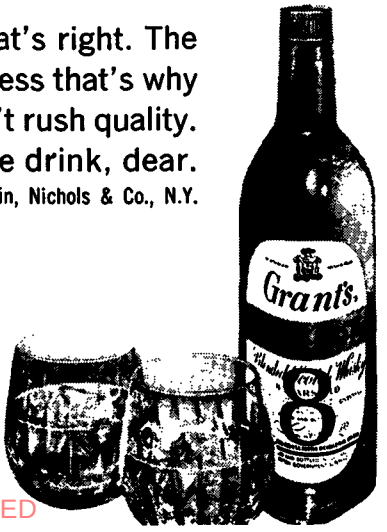

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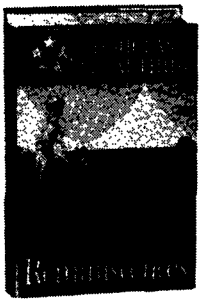

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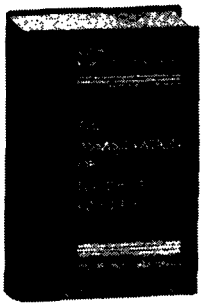

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Ideology: Round 3

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel Bell should mind his facts when he says that I and people I respect are "happily playing the heretic in the fields of official clover" ["Ideology—A Debate," Oct. '64]. So far as I, at least, have come into any contact with the official organs of our society, I am frustrated, morally suffocated, and often physically frightened. It would give me some happiness to see our streets livable and our rivers clean, the bombs banned, our politicians and corporate executives behaving with some rudiments of honor, our young being educated instead of regimented, initiative and good ideas getting to first base instead of being stifled by irrelevancies, mass-communications occasionally ringing true. I am throwing away my life for these rather concrete purposes. Perhaps I do not work at them as rationally as I could, but I would appreciate from Mr. Bell some suggestions as to how to work more practically, instead of being told I am enjoying myself.

I am not a heretic, and I am amazed that he says, "Goodman is almost in the academy." I have assumed that, as a humanist, I have always been in the academy. The Institute for Policy Studies, where I am now a fellow, is engaged in the classical academic job of analysis, criticism according to ideal standards, hammering out ideas. What clear and distinct idea does Mr. Bell have of what he is talking about? He seems to be saying that there is an "Establishment" and that we who dissent from it are nevertheless in it. But there is no Establishment, for our powers-that-be have no justification—they are morally and intellectually bankrupt.

Indeed, my guess is that people like Rosenberg, Mailer, Macdonald, myself, etc. are given a forum in the rich magazines and on TV simply because these institutions have to have *some* genuine voices in order not to die of total inanition. And we, in turn, write for them in order to reach the general public, access to whom they have monopolized.

By "fields of clover," I suppose Mr. Bell means money. Speaking for myself, the facts are that for more than a generation I worked for less than I needed to support myself and family, and now I am paid more than I need. But it makes little difference either way. What I wanted, and want, are tangible improvements in the physical and moral environment. I do not see them. And the only important effect of becoming older and more "accepted" is that I get more impatient, short-winded, and indignant.

I am bemused by Mr. Bell's strategy. When an honest writer is not "accepted," he can—by Mr. Bell—be disregarded or patronized as an odd-ball. If by dint of sticking to his guns for thirty years the writer gets to be "accepted," he can—by Mr. Bell—be slandered as a kept sheep. In neither case does Mr. Bell need to pay attention to what the writer says.

PAUL GOODMAN
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel Bell's ideas have never been very interesting but he has usually had the merit of staying fairly close to the facts. To state, however, that "Harold Rosenberg attacked F. R. Leavis as a cultural fascist" is both tiresome and false.

HAROLD ROSENBERG
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Bell claims optimistically that "Today our entire society is committed to change, and in a direction which was first pointed out by the Left." This will come as a bit of a shock to those who control the power structure of America. I can see no change from the past, where the status quo has always been maintained until some form of extreme pressure, such as the Negro civil rights demonstrations, forces minor concessions.

Mr. Bell then applies his theory to the area of culture, claiming that the "cultural Left" has now been absorbed by the academy. "Everyone is happily playing the heretic in the fields of official clover and busily exposing the nakedness of everyone else."

As one of his prime examples of absorption by the academy, he cites Seymour Krim's editing of *Nugget,* undoubtedly an academic publication. When I questioned Mr. Krim as to the accuracy of this charge, he replied: "The only nakedness I am interested in exposing in *Nugget* is that of good-looking girls."

(MRS.) CONSTANCE H. POSTER
New York City

MR. BELL *writes:*

I have sometimes found Mr. Rosenberg's writings interesting, but not often valid, for he has usually been more concerned with being modish than right. Since he disputes my characterization of his essay, the only recourse is to the text.

In the March 14, 1964 issue of the *New Yorker,* Mr. Rosenberg undertook a sixteen-column logomachic review of the recent reprint of *Scrutiny,* which in the 1930's and 1940's was edited by F. R. Leavis. Mr. Rosenberg wanted to examine *Scrutiny* as a cultural phenomenon and to locate its editor in the political spectrum of those days, despite Leavis's own insistence against such formulations. Rosenberg wrote:

> It was plain from the start that *Scrutiny* had set itself against progress, democracy, and political liberalism, and that it occupied a sector in the battle line of anti-modernism established by *L'Action Française,* the New Humanism, the classical-royalism-Catholicism formula of T. S. Eliot, the literary agrarianism of the Old South, and the cultural Fascism of Ezra Pound. In the radical mood of the thirties, to be thus "placed" (one of the magazine's favorite words) was enough to give *Scrutiny* a heavily reactionary cast, despite Leavis's consistent refusal to define his political position.
>
> . . . too conscious of his plebeian origin to be deluded about the benefits of aristocratic orders [he] has stood not for social restoration but for a new secular order. . . . Leavis hates the modern world, but he wants to ride it and dominate its direction. His new order, though promulgated

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through literary criticism and not Storm Troopers, has the ominous overtones of a revolution aimed at all existing values, institutions and personages.

Mr. Rosenberg then identifies the sector of the battle line more concretely:

> The identification of modern literary merit with a specific social vision (continual decline) was the revolutionary tangent by which Leavis set the course for *Scrutiny*. By a single stroke, it introduced into criticism a dogma of subject matter as rigid as those of totalitarian ideologies. In the face of the mandatory optimism of Soviet Socialist Realism or Nazi Strength Through Joy, *Scrutiny* evolved as *the* standard at the root of its "strictly literary standards" the writer's degree of comprehension of the increasing desolation of spirit in the present-day city, the heartlessness of contemporary human relations, the emptiness and frustration of modern work. . . . It enabled them to downgrade on aesthetic grounds any literature and art that did not conform to Leavis's disguised politics.

But these were not merely verbal battles, Mr. Rosenberg goes on to explain; they were a real effort to take over academic and publishing power:

> The task [Leavis] set for literary criticism was—like the task set by the Marxists, whom *Scrutiny* opposed from the start—not only to interpret books and other cultural phenomena, but to change the conditions under which both would be produced. In order to act politically, Pound had to put aside poetry for means that culminated in his wartime broadcasts for the enemy. Leavis, by contrast, was not for a moment disposed to yield first place in procuring the results he sought to any medium but literature. . . .
>
> Leavis's equivalent [of Whitman's "gangs of cosmos"] might be dubbed "gangs of sensibility"; they were not poets but critics and readers. Their first objective would be to wreck the authority in both teaching and publishing of precisely that species of literary mind that passively and with smug self-satisfaction carried the germs of modern decadence.

Citing an essay by Mrs. Leavis, on how new specialists would be trained in literary criticism, Mr. Rosenberg points up the essay's true significance:

> This paean to infiltration indicates that the *Scrutiny* invasion was to capture the realm of learning. But its ultimate design was far grander. *Scrutiny* was, in short, an organ of social revolution. While most of its contributors may have wished for nothing more than to write judiciously about poems and novels, the "we" embodied in *Scrutiny* was occupied with nothing less than an attempt to gain control of British society. Unless this goal is kept in mind, neither the ideas of Leavis nor his style of disputation can be appreciated.

Mr. Rosenberg then proceeds to characterize the ideological tone of the movement:

> From the start *Scrutiny* desiderated (to borrow again from its characteristic idiom) power; the word for it was "force." . . . [Leavis] boasts of the discipline practiced by its members ("We were not using the word 'discipline' lightly") and of their capacity to move outward and become the core of adjacent disciplines . . . he describes how through their twenty years of activity the actual Cambridge was overthrown and replaced by "the essential Cambridge" (as the Nazis replaced the actual Germany by the "real" Germany). . . .

Having thus unmasked the movement, Mr. Rosenberg delineates the leader:

> Leavis conceived of the revolution of *Scrutiny* as an upheaval without a doctrine: the practitioners of sensibility were to owe allegiance to no ideology, philosophy or religion. They were to constitute, rather, a corps of free intelligences informed by first-hand literary experiences and acting toward a common purpose. . . . Leavis's will to establish the authority of his collectivity caused it to take on the tension and totalitarian tenor of that extremist period. There arose in it an increasing pressure for adherence to "the permanent direction at the center."

This, then, is the composite of Leavis that emerges: a plebeian, seeking to build a new secular order destructive of all existing values, hating Progress, democracy,

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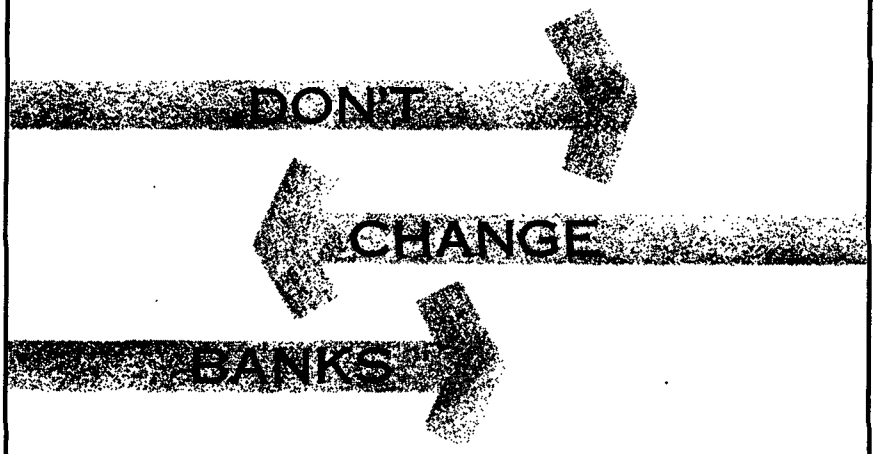

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and Modernism, imposing a stringent line, organizing for power in disciplined fashion as an authoritarian leader—what else is this but a description of a cultural fascist? With *his* disguised word-plays, such as the "corps of free intelligences" (to suggest the German Army Free Corps in the 20's, a group of murderers), to the blatant parenthesis about the "essential" Cambridge and the "real Germany," Mr. Rosenberg wrote a brutal polemic which (with its subsequent cute references to the Fifth Plenum of the Fourth Central Committee of the Workers' Party of Korea) was a caricature of criticism.

That is his privilege. But the point—and the quotations allow me to make it more tellingly—is that a kind of polemic which once was possible only in the pages of *View* or *Politics* or *Partisan Review*, Mr. Rosenberg's habitats in the 1940's, can now appear in the pages of the *New Yorker* (once scorned by these "little magazines"), while at the same time Leavis receives a more sympathetic hearing at the hands of a former student, Richard Poirier, in *The New York Review of Books* and a sympathetic review, too, by another former Leavisite, Professor Reuben Brower of Harvard in the pages of *Partisan Review*. Since Mr. Rosenberg, too, likes to "place" cultural phenomena, what does he make of this?

My statement that Mr. Goodman was "almost in the academy" reflected my own bemusement that in his two recent books on education, *The Community of Scholars* and *Compulsory Mid-Education*, he claims as a credential membership in the Columbia University Seminar in Hermeneutics and the Columbia University Seminar in the City. Mr. Goodman knows as well as I do that however worthy the Seminar program, it is a tangential aspect of the university with no formal qualification for membership. (We all trade, in part, on the prestige of the University.) I was intrigued by his self-labeling.

In speaking of "official clover" I did not mean to imply (and if this was taken as the imputation, I apologize) any notion of monetary gain. It was the first sentence of my paragraph that was the defining statement: "The point of all this is that the currently fashionable talk about Establishments and Anti-Establishments, of cultural radicalism and the official academy, is substantially meaningless."

There is today a new set of Cul-

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tural Mandarins, and Mr. Rosenberg and Mr. Goodman are part of it. It is not only that Mr. Goodman receives a respectful hearing in Washington, which he does, and which is fine, but that he, as well as the radical writers of the 30's and the 40's, occupies a new, and in some ways a commanding, place in the culture, and doesn't want to recognize that fact. The culture—the realms of serious and of modish discourse—and the academy are today the overwhelming strongholds of liberalism, in contrast to the situation of twenty and thirty years ago. Mr. Goodman's gratuitous comment about being "slandered as a kept sheep" reflects the language of the 30's. There was no slander and no such characterization intended on my part. It is simply that I see a discrepancy between Mr. Goodman's self-image and his actual place in the culture.

Mrs. Poster has so garbled my argument that I find it difficult to discuss her remarks, other than to say that I did not cite *Nugget* as an academic publication and that I am glad to learn Mr. Krim is returning his girlie magazine to its basic function of titillating sophomores rather than printing pseudo-intellectual articles.

Schools & Integration

To the Editor of Commentary:

I wish to extend to you my sincere compliments on Midge Decter's article ["The Negro and the New York Schools," Sept. '64]. It is a humane, understanding, and yet incisive account of our present integration problems. . . .

There are a few minor errors. For example, the Open Enrollment program (Free Choice) does not require that the sending school be overcrowded; Commissioner Allen did not define an integrated school as one with 50 per cent or less Negro population. In addition, the PEA report for 1953, far from finding that many schools had been deliberately zoned to keep whites and Negroes apart, concluded that there was no significant evidence to indicate that ethnic separation was seriously considered in drawing district boundary lines.

I might have wished for some exposition of the social values of integration. The impression might have been given that the sole value of integration stems from its effect on the academic achievement of children. We know, of course, that education today encompasses a

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broader spectrum of preparation for life in a democracy and that social values may be just as important as academic values.

However, this is a matter of selection and emphasis. Miss Decter's article is excellent both in its exposition and its analysis. Certainly she poses the problem squarely: how can we educate the children of the urban poor, and particularly of the poor of minority groups?

American democracy has in a sense accepted the egalitarian notions of the 18th century with its idea of the infinite perfectibility of human beings. The schools have been given the task of translating these ideas into reality. Unfortunately the means allocated by society to schools have not always been compatible with the enormity of the job to be done. In addition, there has been the wide gap between the preachments of the society (which it expects the school to teach) and the practices in which it indulges. The schools alone can neither inculcate values which are given only lip service by the greater society nor compensate at bargain basement prices for generations of callous neglect and systematic oppression.

Miss Decter's article combined rare understanding, analysis, and insight. She has shed much light on one of the most difficult problems of our time and this, I am sure, will be helpful in the solution.

JACOB LANDERS
Assistant Superintendent of Schools
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Midge Decter's article . . . is a very good summary of a struggle that began not in 1961, nor even in 1954, but in the middle 30's. For the essence of the matter is . . . whether the school can repair the damage of deprivation, or can operate effectively in the face of low educational aspiration, or can erase the prefix "sub" in a subcultural neighborhood. I say it began in the 30's because I was then teaching in the old buildings of Benjamin Franklin High School, and saw and participated in the efforts of the school staff to raise the sights of educational expectation of the student and his family.

It was a heroic attempt, and great credit goes to the then principal, Dr. Leonard Covello. *But it did not succeed,* if success is measured by the number "saved." The school is not a panacea; and this school was unable to cope with a formidable array of community attitudes and ethnic values.

A sense of this frustration, much more than distaste of the brutish culture of the poor, is what drives teachers from Harlem-type schools, in the North, the Midwest, or in this south-central area where I live. . . .

The school in its present form cannot save the generations of the poor, even though, being a visible target and so subject to pressure, it is the most sharply attacked institution in New York City. Part of the fault is the ideology of the school: not wishing to appear impotent as a social agency, it attempts to be all things to all people, the paramount engine for producing a disciplined generation, democracy, loyalists, magic-workers. No school system can by itself overcome the handicaps which children bring to school.

SAMUEL GORDON
Louisville, Kentucky

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I congratulate you on Miss Decter's article . . . but would like to point out an error in fact. It is not true that Negroes in New Rochelle are confined to a single school. There are large numbers of Negroes in most of the schools in New Rochelle, as I know from having attended school there from kindergarten through the twelfth grade.

The point at issue in the 1961 Lincoln School case concerned the number of Negroes in that school only. As I recall, the Lincoln School was 97 per cent Negro before the case and perhaps 94 per cent Negro afterward. At the same time, the electorate in May of that year defeated by a nine-to-one margin a referendum asking for the construction of a new all-segregated school on the same site to replace the run-down, all-segregated school that is still there. This referendum was defeated while other major improvements and new public schools were approved. The electorate simply was unable to agree on one of several conflicting approaches to a solution of the problem. . . .

BETTY BINDER
Washington, D.C.

For the Record

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

No doubt most people occasionally succumb to the dreadful temptation to lay their mistakes on other people's doorsteps, but Alan F. Westin goes too far.

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He misread an article of mine when he wrote "Anti-Communism and the Corporation" (COMMENTARY, December 1963) and he misread it again in his tearful letter to COMMENTARY (November 1964) explaining that his original error was all my fault.

I very much wish that either he or COMMENTARY had talked to me before the letter was printed, since it made a serious charge on the thinnest of grounds.

My article, which appeared in the Washington *Post* on April 2, 1961, described the activities of the Birch Society in Wichita, Kansas. For those who did not see it, and for those who, like Mr. Westin, remember it unclearly, I shall quote two passages. The piece began with a description of a Birch Society meeting that I had attended in the Coleman Company's plant:

> At the chapter meeting in the Coleman plant—it was held last Tuesday night—the Society showed a 45-minute film of a speech by its founder, Robert Welch of Belmont, Mass.
>
> The audience constituted a cross-section of Wichita, from college-age boys growing beards for the state's centennial to old ladies. There were farmers in high-laced shoes and well-dressed housewives who might have been at a PTA meeting.
>
> About 60 people were there, and Myers [Kenneth F., the Society's local coordinator] said only a third were Society members.

It was a long piece. Further on, I enumerated the Society's various activities, as its leaders had explained them to me. Among other things I noted that:

> Banowetz [Leonard F., a lawyer on the Coleman Company's staff who was active in the Society] has been holding informal discussion meetings at his home with some two dozen high school youngsters. Beside this, he said, "we've been running a kind of erratic little course at the Coleman Co."

Based on nothing beyond this account, by his own admission, Mr. Westin's version in COMMENTARY ran as follows:

> Looking first at in-plant programs, such a Birchite course for employees is held at the Coleman Corporation [sic] in Wichita. . . . In the company's auditorium, films of speeches by Birch Society founder Robert Welch are shown, and company executives deliver lectures embodying Birch doctrines about the menace of Communism in America today.

When the Coleman Company complained, Mr. Westin replied, wringing his hands, that the mistake lay with the Washington *Post*'s article:

> The article clearly implied that this course was being conducted with the knowledge of the Coleman Company and that Coleman Company employees attended it.

That was not an implication. It was an inference, and the imaginative Mr. Westin is its sole proprietor.

I shall leave aside the numerous inexactitudes obvious to the reader in Mr. Westin's account, such as the use of the term "employees" where I had specifically described the audience otherwise. One less obvious point requires attention. Mr. Westin was using the present tense, although his article appeared two years and eight months after mine and, by his own explanation, he had made no further inquiry into the case.

Those two years and eight months were more important than Mr. Westin apparently realizes. Wichita was afflicted very early by its attack of radical conservatism. The Birch Society was a matter of flaming controversy there for six months before it began to attract national attention in the late winter of 1961. The Society was quite respectable in Wichita in early 1961; indeed it was almost fashionable.

But if Wichita was bitten early, it also recovered early. Wichita is a sane and decent city, and by the spring of 1964, as the Goldwater movement was reaching the peak of its influence throughout the nation, radical conservatism was very much out of style in Kansas. By the end of the spring, for example, the state's Republican governor, John Anderson, Jr. (no relation, unfortunately, to me), had emerged as one of the party's most explicit opponents of the Goldwater nomination.

During the spring, the New York *Post* had run a story saying that the Coleman Company was running in-plant propaganda courses. Mr. Sheldon Coleman, the president of the company, heard of that story from some of his stockholders; he had also heard of my story in 1961. But now, in 1964, he immediately denied the assertion (he made no answer in 1961 to my article) and he demanded to know where the New York *Post* had obtained its information. That newspaper adduced Mr. Westin's remarks in COMMENTARY. Mr. Coleman wrote a letter of denial to COMMENTARY, printed in the issue of last August. It was followed in the November issue by a letter from Mr. Westin himself, who generously attempted to make his peace with the Coleman Company at my expense. In his letter, he said: "It now appears from Mr. Coleman's communications that the Washington *Post* was not precise in its reportage."

My article was, in fact, precisely accurate.

J. W. ANDERSON
Washington *Post*
Washington, D.C.

MR. WESTIN *writes:*

First, I will leave readers of COMMENTARY to judge the general quality of Mr. Anderson's journalism, and the care with which he employs words, by his use of the terms "tearful letter" and "wringing his hands" to describe my quite straightforward letter in the November 1964 issue of COMMENTARY acknowledging an error in my article and indicating that I had inferred the presence of an "in-plant" course from the Washington *Post* story. Possibly his penchant for colorful invective has something to do with the Wichita story itself, to which issue I now turn.

Before I wrote my correction, I had the advantage of seeing a long letter, relating to the Anderson article, written by Mr. Sheldon Coleman to a New York *Post* editor, dated June 9, 1964. In it, Mr. Coleman criticized the Anderson article on the following grounds, among others:

(1) It gave the impression to the reader that Mr. Banowetz was acting as the agent of Sheldon Coleman or of the Coleman Company, and that this impression was strengthened by "repeatedly" referring to Mr. Banowetz as a lawyer or employee of the Coleman Company.

(2) The Anderson article did not explain that the meeting room used by Mr. Banowetz and by the Birch Society was offered by the Coleman Company as a public service to any organization or group in the community desiring to use

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Van Gogh is probably the most widely known victim of this situation. The celebrated American painter, John Sloan, once offered at the peak of his creative career to trade all his paintings for a steady $100 each week—with no takers. The history of great art is filled with similar victims.

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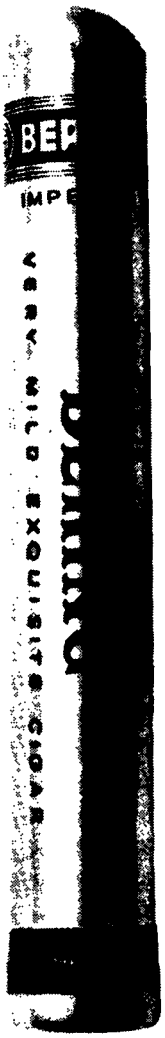

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it. Mr. Coleman regarded this as inadequate reporting and a failure to tell the whole story.

(3) Mr. Anderson used the following quote from Banowetz in his story, as he repeats in his letter above: "We've been running a kind of erratic little course at the Coleman Company." Mr. Coleman states—and this should be underscored—that Mr. Banowetz has told him that this quote "is totally untrue."

Mr. Coleman's conclusion, as he tried to track down and correct the original source of the information about activities involving his company, was that "Mr. Anderson went out of his way to make it look as though the Coleman Company was sponsoring John Birch activities, though he does this by inference and not direct statements."

Thus, Mr. Coleman himself, and those to whom he showed the Anderson article, drew from it inferences about the presence of—and let me quote it again—"a kind of erratic little course at the Coleman Company"—that Mr. Banowetz was alleged by Mr. Anderson to have said that "we've" been running. Mr. Coleman concluded that the reader of Mr. Anderson's article would be led directly to inferences that were not true by the way in which the Anderson article was written, by its carelessness of reporting and its failure to tell the whole story of the use of the public room in the Coleman plant. Since it was from the Anderson article that I drew my inference about an in-plant course using Birch films and Banowetz lectures—an inference proved contrary to the facts as brought out by Mr. Coleman—I wrote a letter acknowledging that mistake. In an article that mentioned more than 100 companies and described many dozens of programs, this was the sole error, and I still consider it one too many. I think Mr. Coleman, whatever his political views, is entitled to fair reporting of fact, and my letter explained why I had been in error by relying on the "We've been running a kind of erratic little course at the Coleman Company" quote.

In addition, I stated in my COMMENTARY article that Mr. Coleman was "a leading patron of the Birch Society in his state." Let me quote, exactly, the statement from Mr. Anderson's article that I relied on. Relating a comment of the coordinator of the John Birch Society in Wichita, Kenneth L. Myers, at a Birch Society meeting "in an auditorium at the headquarters at the Coleman Co.," Mr. Anderson added, "whose president, Sheldon Coleman, is one of the city's biggest industrialists and one of the Society's strongest supporters." In his recent communications, Mr. Coleman has stated emphatically that he is not a Birch Society member at present; has never been a member; has never "contributed one cent" to the Society; and neither has the Coleman Company. Mr. Anderson may try to slip away from his statement by somehow asserting that Mr. Coleman was one of the Society's "strongest supporters" even though he was never a member and never gave it a nickel. But unless Mr. Anderson has evidence that he did not present in his article and has not yet brought forward, it would be my judgment that this statement in his article was more than careless; it was flatly false, and very possibly libelous. I relied directly on Mr. Anderson's statement. After Mr. Coleman's denial, I considered it a matter of honor and accuracy to acknowledge my error and cite Mr. Anderson as my source, and I must say that I am astonished that Mr. Anderson can read Mr. Coleman's letter to COMMENTARY denying Birch society membership or financial support and still defend the accuracy of his original report.

I would not presume to teach Mr. Anderson anything about journalism. But it is an elementary fact that partial reporting, arrangement of statements without proper background explanation, and loose presentation can create impressions in the minds of readers which may have been unintended by the journalist. But they flow from the words used and the context in which these words were placed. Having the highest regard for the Washington *Post*, and knowing how much scholars rely on it, I can only hope that Mr. Anderson's story on Wichita is not typical of what he usually writes for them.

Wilhelm Reich Defended

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Philip Rieff's article, "The World of Wilhelm Reich" [Sept. '64] . . . can only serve to obstruct a sober evaluation of the work of a strange and brilliant man. Mr. Rieff is not unfair in calling attention to the egomania of Reich's last years or to the religious flavor of certain of his later pronouncements. The important question, however, is not whether Reich had a "brilliant vi-

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sion," but whether he made any significant contributions to science. To regard the whole corpus of his work . . . as a tightly knit system which one has to accept or reject *in toto* is preposterous . . . [for] in fact there is not the slightest logical connection between Reich's theories about the physiological anchoring of repressions or the relation between anxiety and sexual frustration on the one hand, and his claims about the existence of orgone energy, the uses of the orgone accumulator, or the invasion of the earth by spacemen, on the other . . . . To accept Reich's position on the causes and treatment of neurosis in no sense implies a commitment to his theories about the orgone. . . .

Mr. Rieff conveys certain misleading impressions which should not be allowed to go uncorrected. One such impression made throughout the article is that people became Reich's "disciples" because of their religious needs. . . . What apparently did not occur to the author is that there are people—psychiatrists and other doctors, patients and just plain observers—who have found that Reich's work on the ways in which repressions are expressed in chronic muscular tensions and rigidities and the therapeutic technique based on these studies constitute a tremendous and exciting advance over all that went before. (I remember listening to a lecture by A. S. Neill, who told about his treatment by orthodox methods and his subsequent treatment by Reich. In one session with Reich, Neill said, more dammed emotions were released than in years of traditional analysis.) Mr. Rieff expresses surprise that certain talented writers and artists were attracted to Reich, but there is nothing mysterious in this. To them, as to ordinary mortals, Reich's primary appeal lay in his new, more effective therapy, and not in anything he may have said about the "revolutionary" nature of art.

Rieff's neglect of Reich's clinical work is most evident when he assures us, in breezy fashion, that Reich's "natural man is a stale leftover of the 18th-century imagination". . . . It may well be true that, like others, Reich had a tendency to confuse fact and theory, but not in this instance. There is a wealth of published material, dealing with the treatment of adults as well as of children, which shows that, as the patient's body changes and as he becomes able to function in work and in love, his destructive and sadistic impulses are automatically reduced or eliminated. . . . People working with disturbed children, without engaging in actual therapy, have frequently witnessed the same phenomenon. Is it Mr. Rieff's contention that Reich's case histories are lies and that people like A.S. Neill are imagining the changes they see in children who have come to feel loved and who are no longer oppressed by irrational taboos and authorities?

A final point will illustrate the level of scholarship in this article. Mr. Rieff repeats the fabrication of Reich's enemies that the orgone accumulator could cure impotence. Reich never made such a claim and the Food and Drug Administration did not charge him with doing so. . . .

PAUL EDWARDS
Department of Philosophy
New York University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Under the guise of rational argument and interpretation, Philip Rieff . . . has written an attack full of errors, distortions, illogical thinking, and contempt. . . .

He calls Reich a "Freudo-Marxist," for instance, but Reich clearly stated that his sex-economic clinical practice with the workers of Vienna was neither Marxist nor Freudian oriented; that sex-economy lay at the roots of pleasure and work, but was not an addition of the two. . . . Rieff states that the "Orgone Energy Accumulator . . . [can cure] . . . cancer, impotence . . . everything . . .," an error which is more than misunderstanding, for Rieff was corrected on this point after his review of Reich's *Selected Writings*.

He is in error again in asserting that there is a "sinister anti-intellectualism about Reich's theory." Reich's motto, "Love, work, and knowledge are the well-springs of life . . .," which appears in most of Reich's books, is one evidence among many others of his appreciation of the creative uses of intelligence. Reich did, to be sure, discourage intellect but only in its defensive function as intellectualism. . . .

Rieff writes further that "Only Reich appeared able to conduct [his experiments]" and that "trained opinion has yet to confront [Reich's] work." Yet Reich's experiments have been confirmed many times by reputable physicians and scientists. Psychiatric Or-

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gone Therapy, the Orgone Energy Accumulator, and Reich's weather control apparatus are being used today in England, France, Norway, Canada, Israel (and the United States where permitted by law). Anyone seriously interested in Orgonomy could have found this out by a careful reading of Orgonomic publications or discussing the matter with a recognized authority on the subject. . . .

Rieff errs further in his view that except for an important point, there is "not much [in *Character Analysis*] that is not vintage Freud. . . ." What was new in *Character Analysis* was the theoretical solution of the problem of masochism and the clinical refutation of the Death Instinct theory, a description of specific character types (till then psychoanalysis knew only character traits), and the elucidation of a new technique of therapy necessitated by the inability of classical technique to bring about the desired cure. . . .

The author also distorts Reich's intentions. He implies that Reich was but an arm-chair theorist . . . when he writes of "the game of relating the ideological to the psychological process". . . . Reich never wrote so blithely of such things. . . . In Rieff's terms, the "genital character" becomes an "ideal," a "man of power," incapable of "moral indignation," one who suffers "at low cost to himself" and "gratifies every fleeting desire without cost to others," . . . a phallic psychopath. One is not surprised that Rieff interprets Reich as saying that the "best in [one's self are] his erotic impulses." This is Rieff's notion. . . . To Reich, on the other hand, eroticism is a defense against natural sexuality. . . .

The real weakness of Rieff's argument is to be found, however, in his central thesis that "The World of Wilhelm Reich" is but a "scientific theological fantasy." In order to buttress this thesis, Rieff tries to make the reader believe that Reich saw his laboratory as a therapeutic community, . . . a notion . . . which is quite contrary to fact. . . .

Continuing this, . . . Rieff distorts completely Reich's concepts and discoveries. He finds that "oceanic feeling" (concrete sensations described by others before Reich) are but the "surest sign" that biotherapy (practiced by physicians in many parts of the world) "developed into mysticism." Scientists who must terminate their work in Orgonomy because of unmanageable anxiety have but "died to God." Reich's theories are but a "reconstruction" of the "All." And where Reich, the natural scientist, saw nature without moral or ethical connotation, Rieff, the mystic, must see "meaning and value" . . . .

That Rieff lacks understanding of the concept of "emotional plague" comes as no surprise. If he really knew what it was all about he would never have written the paper, for this *is* the plague.

DR. RICHARD A. BLASBAND
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

How does Philip Rieff introduce us to Reich, . . . a man of "brilliant vision"? By mimicking, in his very first paragraph, Reich's "oratorical style." This graceless overture . . . represents the camaraderie of the orthodox: the quickest means of entry to the mob around the outcast is to show that you, too, are carrying stones. . . .

Rieff is most relaxed in his handling of heresies. These get winks or half-winks. He is less comfortable with the work that has not yet been accepted as unacceptable. This is presented in noncommital, catalogue style, . . . often miscomprehended, . . . as in the case of Reich's concept "emotional plague" which Rieff sees as "turning out to be . . . Judaeo-Christian moralism."

It is interesting that "men of moral science" should find Reich's work a "challenge." How intellectually martial! But they did not find his imprisonment a challenge. Only in prison did Reich enjoy the silence of the professors and the psychoanalysts . . . [who] uttered not a syllable of protest. . . .

By the end of the article Wilhelm Reich's works have disappeared. What remains as an "issue" are Reich's "eccentricities" which may "reveal something important about," . . . etc. If the author brings Reich's "brilliant vision" and "challenge" only to this foggy denouement, what is the purpose of his article? I think it is that Rieff . . . dimly senses Reich's greatness, and he would like to be the first to stake out a claim to this forbidden new world. . . .

ARTHUR STEIG
Lakewood, New Jersey

We mourn the passing of Nathan Asch, who died last December just as his article, "My Father and I," in our January issue, was coming off the press.—ED.

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HARVARD MEDICAL ALUMNI BULLETIN Vol. 39 No. 2 Christmas 1964

"A Communiqué on Communication"

It is not known how many billions of words are written in one year, on every conceivable subject, but it is known that effective international communication — whether spoken or written — is both an important and difficult problem to solve. With the recent publication of the *International Journal of Psychiatry* it appears that "man's painful desire to communicate without coalescing"* has been accomplished. In several unusual respects the *Journal* is truly international. It will be published quarterly by the International Press Inc., Boston, Massachusetts; it is edited by Jason Aronson, M.D., instructor in psychiatry and assistant psychiatrist at the Massachusetts General Hospital; and it has a list of contributors who come from all over the world.

The *Journal* has been designed to facilitate worldwide psychiatric communication. The motivation to undertake this complex experiment has evolved from an awareness among physicians everywhere that the cold war between East and West and the mutual fear of devastation, is the major crisis of modern civilization. The concept of the *Journal* arose from conversations Dr. Aronson had had with psychiatrists and sociologists in Warsaw and Moscow in 1961, while he was conducting a study of Soviet psychiatry sponsored by the U. S. Public Health Service. When he returned to this country he received great encouragement here as well, and an organizing committee was established to give advice on the problems ahead and select members of the editorial board. There are two American board members, Dr. Jack R. Ewalt, Bullard Professor of Psychiatry and head of the department of psychiatry at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center; and Dr. David Hamburg, head of the department of psychiatry, Stanford University School of Medicine, California. The other 11 members come from: Canada, Chile, England, France, India, Japan, Norway, Nigeria, Scotland and Switzerland. There is also a group of 20 physicians who act as consulting editors; these include: Drs. Frank R. Ervin, assistant professor of psychiatry at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Peter H. Knapp '41, John C. Nemiah '43B, assistant professor and tutor in psychiatry, and Gardner C. Quarton '44, associate in psychiatry at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

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Also in the first issue appeared a controversial review on "The Effects of Psychotherapy," by H. J. Eysenck of England. He concluded that "the therapeutic effects of psychotherapy are small and do not in any demonstrable way add to the non-specific effects of routine medical treatment . . ." There were 14 "discussions" of the review by psychiatrists from various countries. Some agreeing (Wolpe: "Its arguments are mainly unanswerable and its major conclusions unimpeachable."), some disagreeing (Strupp: "I fail to see that he gives any conclusive answers."), but each "discussion" made its contribution by clarifying some of the issues involved.

Meaningful communication, however, is more difficult to achieve than it would appear to be at first glance because, different cultures apply a different connation to the same word. Dr. Aronson gave an interesting example of this: V. M. Morozov concluded in his review of the *American Handbook of Psychiatry,* that it was "pragmatic," an opinion which does not appear to be very critical. However, in the *Entsiklopedicheskii Slovar* (Encyclopedia of Words, Moscow, 1954), pragmatism is defined as, "a reactionary, subjectively-idealistic current in modern bourgeoise philosophy (that) directly rejects scientific knowledge."

In its first issue, the *Journal* has presented interesting material in a clear, simple and professional manner. One wishes that its aims may be achieved just as skillfully.

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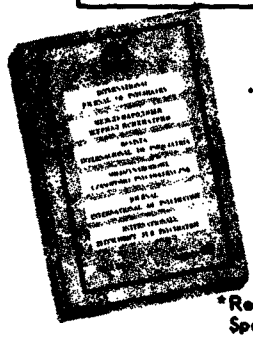

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FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS: THE FUTURE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

BAYARD RUSTIN

I

THE DECADE spanned by the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 will undoubtedly be recorded as the period in which the legal foundations of racism in America were destroyed. To be sure, pockets of resistance remain; but it would be hard to quarrel with the assertion that the elaborate legal structure of segregation and discrimination, particularly in relation to public accommodations, has virtually collapsed. On the other hand, without making light of the human sacrifices involved in the direct-action tactics (sit-ins, freedom rides, and the rest) that were so instrumental to this achievement, we must recognize that in desegregating public accommodations, we affected institutions which are relatively peripheral both to the American socio-economic order and to the fundamental conditions of life of the Negro people. In a highly industrialized, 20th-century civilization, we hit Jim Crow precisely where it was most anachronistic, dispensable, and vulnerable—in hotels, lunch counters, terminals, libraries, swimming pools, and the like. For in these forms, Jim Crow does impede the flow of commerce in the broadest sense: it is a nuisance in a society on the move (and on the make). Not surprisingly, therefore, it was the most mobility-conscious and relatively liberated groups in the Negro community—lower-middle-class college students—who launched the attack that brought down this imposing but hollow structure.

The term "classical" appears especially apt for this phase of the civil rights movement. But in the few years that have passed since the first flush of sit-ins, several developments have taken place that have complicated matters enormously. One is the shifting focus of the movement in the South, symbolized by Birmingham; another is the spread of the revolution to the North; and the third, common to the other two, is the expansion of the movement's base in the Negro community.

BAYARD RUSTIN, who organized the March on Washington and has been a close associate of Martin Luther King, is widely recognized as the leading tactician of the civil rights movement. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

To attempt to disentangle these three strands is to do violence to reality. David Danzig's perceptive article, "The Meaning of Negro Strategy,"* correctly saw in the Birmingham events the victory of the concept of collective struggle over individual achievement as the road to Negro freedom. And Birmingham remains the unmatched symbol of grass-roots protest involving all strata of the black community. It was also in this most industrialized of Southern cities that the single-issue demands of the movement's classical stage gave way to the "package deal." No longer were Negroes satisfied with integrating lunch counters. They now sought advances in employment, housing, school integration, police protection, and so forth.

Thus, the movement in the South began to attack areas of discrimination which were not so remote from the Northern experience as were Jim Crow lunch counters. At the same time, the interrelationship of these apparently distinct areas became increasingly evident. What is the value of winning access to public accommodations for those who lack money to use them? The minute the movement faced this question, it was compelled to expand its vision beyond race relations to economic relations, including the role of education in modern society. And what also became clear is that all these interrelated problems, by their very nature, are not soluble by private, voluntary efforts but require government action—or politics. Already Southern demonstrators had recognized that the most effective way to strike at the police brutality they suffered from was by getting rid of the local sheriff—and that meant political action, which in turn meant, and still means, political action within the Democratic party where the only meaningful primary contests in the South are fought.

And so, in Mississippi, thanks largely to the leadership of Bob Moses, a turn toward political action has been taken. More than voter registration is involved here. A conscious bid for *political power* is being made, and in the course of that effort a tactical shift is being effected: direct-action techniques are being subordinated to a strategy calling for the building of community

*COMMENTARY, February 1964.

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institutions or power bases. Clearly, the implications of this shift reach far beyond Mississippi. What began as a protest movement is being challenged to translate itself into a political movement. Is this the right course? And if it is, can the transformation be accomplished?

II

THE VERY decade which has witnessed the decline of legal Jim Crow has also seen the rise of *de facto* segregation in our most fundamental socio-economic institutions. More Negroes are unemployed today than in 1954, and the unemployment gap between the races is wider. The median income of Negroes has dropped from 57 per cent to 54 per cent of that of whites. A higher percentage of Negro workers is now concentrated in jobs vulnerable to automation than was the case ten years ago. More Negroes attend *de facto* segregated schools today than when the Supreme Court handed down its famous decision; while school integration proceeds at a snail's pace in the South, the number of Northern schools with an excessive proportion of minority youth proliferates. And behind this is the continuing growth of racial slums, spreading over our central cities and trapping Negro youth in a milieu which, whatever its legal definition, sows an unimaginable demoralization. Again, legal niceties aside, a resident of a racial ghetto lives in segregated housing, and more Negroes fall into this category than ever before.

These are the facts of life which generate frustration in the Negro community and challenge the civil rights movement. At issue, after all, is not *civil rights,* strictly speaking, but social and economic conditions. Last summer's riots were not race riots; they were outbursts of class aggression in a society where class and color definitions are converging disastrously. How can the (perhaps misnamed) civil rights movement deal with this problem?

Before trying to answer, let me first insist that the task of the movement is vastly complicated by the failure of many whites of good will to understand the nature of our problem. There is a widespread assumption that the removal of artificial racial barriers should result in the automatic integration of the Negro into all aspects of American life. This myth is fostered by facile analogies with the experience of various ethnic immigrant groups, particularly the Jews. But the analogies with the Jews do not hold for three simple but profound reasons. First, Jews have a long history as a literate people, a resource which has afforded them opportunities to advance in the academic and professional worlds, to achieve intellectual status even in the midst of economic hardship, and to evolve sustaining value systems in the context of ghetto life. Negroes, for the greater part of their presence in this country, were forbidden by law to read or write. Second, Jews have a long history of family stability, the importance of which in terms of aspiration and self-image is obvious. The Negro family structure was totally destroyed by slavery and with it the possibility of cultural transmission (the right of Negroes to marry and rear children is barely a century old). Third, Jews are white and have the *option* of relinquishing their cultural-religious identity, intermarrying, passing, etc. Negroes, or at least the overwhelming majority of them, do not have this option. There is also a fourth, vulgar reason. If the Jewish and Negro communities are not comparable in terms of education, family structure, and color, it is also true that their respective economic roles bear little resemblance.

This matter of economic role brings us to the greater problem—the fact that we are moving into an era in which the natural functioning of the market does not by itself ensure every man with will and ambition a place in the productive process. The immigrant who came to this country during the late 19th and early 20th centuries entered a society which was expanding territorially and/or economically. It was then possible to start at the bottom, as an unskilled or semi-skilled worker, and move up the ladder, acquiring new skills along the way. Especially was this true when industrial unionism was burgeoning, giving new dignity and higher wages to organized workers. Today the situation has changed. We are not expanding territorially, the western frontier is settled, labor organizing has leveled off, our rate of economic growth has been stagnant for a decade. And we are in the midst of a technological revolution which is altering the fundamental structure of the labor force, destroying unskilled and semi-skilled jobs—jobs in which Negroes are disproportionately concentrated.

Whatever the pace of this technological revolution may be, the *direction* is clear: the lower rungs of the economic ladder are being lopped off. This means that an individual will no longer be able to start at the bottom and work his way up; he will have to start in the middle or on top, and hold on tight. It will not even be enough to have certain specific skills, for many skilled jobs are also vulnerable to automation. A broad educational background, permitting vocational adaptability and flexibility, seems more imperative than ever. We live in a society where, as Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz puts it, machines have the equivalent of a high school diploma. Yet the average educational attainment of American Negroes is 8.2 years.

Negroes, of course, are not the only people being affected by these developments. It is reported that there are now 50 per cent fewer unskilled and semi-skilled jobs than there are

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high school dropouts. Almost one-third of the 26 million young people entering the labor market in the 1960's will be dropouts. But the percentage of Negro dropouts nationally is 57 per cent, and in New York City, among Negroes 25 years of age or over, it is 68 per cent. They are without a future.

To what extent can the kind of self-help campaign recently prescribed by Eric Hoffer in the *New York Times Magazine* cope with such a situation? I would advise those who think that self-help is the answer to familiarize themselves with the long history of such efforts in the Negro community, and to consider why so many foundered on the shoals of ghetto life. It goes without saying that any effort to combat demoralization and apathy is desirable, but we must understand that demoralization in the Negro community is largely a common-sense response to an objective reality. Negro youths have no need of statistics to perceive, fairly accurately, what their odds are in American society. Indeed, from the point of view of motivation, some of the healthiest Negro youngsters I know are juvenile delinquents: vigorously pursuing the American Dream of material acquisition and status, yet finding the conventional means of attaining it blocked off, they do not yield to defeatism but resort to illegal (and often ingenious) methods. They are not alien to American culture. They are, in Gunnar Myrdal's phrase, "exaggerated Americans." To want a Cadillac is not un-American; to push a cart in the garment center is. If Negroes are to be persuaded that the conventional path (school, work, etc.) is superior, we had better provide evidence which is now sorely lacking. It is a double cruelty to harangue Negro youth about education and training when we do not know what jobs will be available for them. When a Negro youth can reasonably foresee a future free of slums, when the prospect of gainful employment is realistic, we will see motivation and self-help in abundant enough quantities.

Meanwhile, there is an ironic similarity between the self-help advocated by many liberals and the doctrines of the Black Muslims. Professional sociologists, psychiatrists, and social workers have expressed amazement at the Muslims' success in transforming prostitutes and dope addicts into respectable citizens. But every prostitute the Muslims convert to a model of Calvinist virtue is replaced by the ghetto with two more. Dedicated as they are to maintenance of the ghetto, the Muslims are powerless to affect substantial moral reform. So too with every other group or program which is not aimed at the destruction of slums, their causes and effects. Self-help efforts, directly or indirectly, must be geared to mobilizing people into power units capable of effecting social change. That is, their goal must be genuine self-help, not merely self-improvement. Obviously, where self-improvement activities succeed in imparting to their participants a feeling of some control over their environment, those involved may find their appetites for change whetted; they may move into the political arena.

III

Let me sum up what I have thus far been trying to say: the civil rights movement is evolving from a protest movement into a full-fledged *social movement*—an evolution calling its very name into question. It is now concerned not merely with removing the barriers to full *opportunity* but with achieving the fact of *equality*. From sit-ins and freedom rides we have gone into rent strikes, boycotts, community organization, and political action. As a consequence of this natural evolution, the Negro today finds himself stymied by obstacles of far greater magnitude than the legal barriers he was attacking before: automation, urban decay, *de facto* school segregation. These are problems which, while conditioned by Jim Crow, do not vanish upon its demise. They are more deeply rooted in our socio-economic order; they are the result of the total society's failure to meet not only the Negro's needs, but human needs generally.

These propositions have won increasing recognition and acceptance, but with a curious twist. They have formed the common premise of two apparently contradictory lines of thought which simultaneously nourish and antagonize each other. On the one hand, there is the reasoning of the New York *Times* moderate who says that the problems are so enormous and complicated that Negro militancy is a futile irritation, and that the need is for "intelligent moderation." Thus, during the first New York school boycott, the *Times* editorialized that Negro demands, while abstractly just, would necessitate massive reforms, the funds for which could not realistically be anticipated; therefore the just demands were also foolish demands and would only antagonize white people. Moderates of this stripe are often correct in perceiving the difficulty or impossibility of racial progress in the context of present social and economic policies. But they accept the context as fixed. They ignore (or perhaps see all too well) the potentialities inherent in linking Negro demands to broader pressures for radical revision of existing policies. They apparently see nothing strange in the fact that in the last twenty-five years we have spent nearly a trillion dollars fighting or preparing for wars, yet throw up our hands before the need for overhauling our schools, clearing the slums, and really abolishing poverty. My quarrel with these moderates is that they do not even envision radical changes; their admonitions of moderation are, for all practical purposes, admonitions to the

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Negro to adjust to the status quo, and are therefore immoral.

The more effectively the moderates argue their case, the more they convince Negroes that American society will not or cannot be reorganized for full racial equality. Michael Harrington has said that a successful war on poverty might well require the expenditure of a $100 billion. Where, the Negro wonders, are the forces now in motion to compel such a commitment? If the voices of the moderates were raised in an insistence upon a reallocation of national resources at levels that could not be confused with tokenism (that is, if the moderates stopped being moderates), Negroes would have greater grounds for hope. Meanwhile, the Negro movement cannot escape a sense of isolation.

It is precisely this sense of isolation that gives rise to the second line of thought I want to examine—the tendency within the civil rights movement which, despite its militancy, pursues what I call a "no-win" policy. Sharing with many moderates a recognition of the magnitude of the obstacles to freedom, spokesmen for this tendency survey the American scene and find no forces prepared to move toward radical solutions. From this they conclude that the only viable strategy is shock; above all, the hypocrisy of white liberals must be exposed. These spokesmen are often described as the radicals of the movement, but they are really its moralists. They seek to change white hearts—by traumatizing them. Frequently abetted by white self-flagellants, they may gleefully applaud (though not really agreeing with) Malcolm X because, while they admit he has no program, they think he can frighten white people into doing the right thing. To believe this, of course, you must be convinced, even if unconsciously, that at the core of the white man's heart lies a buried affection for Negroes—a proposition one may be permitted to doubt. But in any case, hearts are not relevant to the issue; neither racial affinities nor racial hostilities are rooted there. It is institutions—social, political, and economic institutions—which are the ultimate molders of collective sentiments. Let these institutions be reconstructed *today*, and let the ineluctable gradualism of history govern the formation of a new psychology.

My quarrel with the "no-win" tendency in the civil rights movement (and the reason I have so designated it) parallels my quarrel with the moderates outside the movement. As the latter lack the vision or will for fundamental change, the former lack a realistic strategy for achieving it. For such a strategy they substitute militancy. But militancy is a matter of posture and volume and not of effect.

I BELIEVE that the Negro's struggle for equality in America is essentially revolutionary. While most Negroes—in their hearts—unquestionably seek only to enjoy the fruits of American society as it now exists, their quest cannot *objectively* be satisfied within the framework of existing political and economic relations. The young Negro who would demonstrate his way into the labor market may be motivated by a thoroughly bourgeois ambition and thoroughly "capitalist" considerations, but he will end up having to favor a great expansion of the public sector of the economy. At any rate, that is the position the movement will be forced to take as it looks at the number of jobs being generated by the private economy, and if it is to remain true to the masses of Negroes.

The revolutionary character of the Negro's struggle is manifest in the fact that this struggle may have done more to democratize life for whites than for Negroes. Clearly, it was the sit-in movement of young Southern Negroes which, as it galvanized white students, banished the ugliest features of McCarthyism from the American campus and resurrected political debate. It was not until Negroes assaulted *de facto* school segregation in the urban centers that the issue of quality education for *all* children stirred into motion. Finally, it seems reasonably clear that the civil rights movement, directly and through the resurgence of social conscience it kindled, did more to initiate the war on poverty than any other single force.

It will be—it has been—argued that these by-products of the Negro struggle are not revolutionary. But the term revolutionary, as I am using it, does not connote violence; it refers to the qualitative transformation of fundamental institutions, more or less rapidly, to the point where the social and economic structure which they comprised can no longer be said to be the same. The Negro struggle has hardly run its course; and it will not stop moving until it has been utterly defeated or won substantial equality. But I fail to see how the movement can be victorious in the absence of radical programs for full employment, abolition of slums, the reconstruction of our educational system, new definitions of work and leisure. Adding up the cost of such programs, we can only conclude that we are talking about a refashioning of our political economy. It has been estimated, for example, that the price of replacing New York City's slums with public housing would be $17 billion. Again, a multi-billion dollar federal public-works program, dwarfing the currently proposed $2 billion program, is required to reabsorb unskilled and semi-skilled workers into the labor market—and this must be done if Negro workers in these categories are to be employed. "Preferential treatment" cannot help them.

I am not trying here to delineate a total program, only to suggest the scope of economic reforms which are most immediately related to the plight of the Negro community. One could

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speculate on their political implications—whether, for example, they do not indicate the obsolescence of state government and the superiority of regional structures as viable units of planning. Such speculations aside, it is clear that Negro needs cannot be satisfied unless we go beyond what has so far been placed on the agenda. How are these radical objectives to be achieved? The answer is simple, deceptively so: *through political power.*

There is a strong moralistic strain in the civil rights movement which would remind us that power corrupts, forgetting that the absence of power also corrupts. But this is not the view I want to debate here, for it is waning. Our problem is posed by those who accept the need for political power but do not understand the nature of the object and therefore lack sound strategies for achieving it; they tend to confuse political institutions with lunch counters.

A handful of Negroes, acting alone, could integrate a lunch counter by strategically locating their bodies so as *directly* to interrupt the operation of the proprietor's will; their numbers were relatively unimportant. In politics, however, such a confrontation is difficult because the interests involved are merely *represented.* In the execution of a political decision a direct confrontation may ensue (as when federal marshals escorted James Meredith into the University of Mississippi—to turn from an example of non-violent coercion to one of force backed up with the threat of violence). But in arriving at a political decision, numbers and organizations are crucial, especially for the economically disenfranchised. (Needless to say, I am assuming that the forms of political democracy exist in America, however imperfectly, that they are valued, and that elitist or putschist conceptions of exercising power are beyond the pale of discussion for the civil rights movement.)

Neither that movement nor the country's twenty million black people can win political power alone. We need allies. The future of the Negro struggle depends on whether the contradictions of this society can be resolved by a coalition of progressive forces which becomes the *effective* political majority in the United States. I speak of the coalition which staged the March on Washington, passed the Civil Rights Act, and laid the basis for the Johnson landslide—Negroes, trade unionists, liberals, and religious groups.

THERE ARE those who argue that a coalition strategy would force the Negro to surrender his political independence to white liberals, that he would be neutralized, deprived of his cutting edge, absorbed into the Establishment. Some who take this position urged last year that votes be withheld from the Johnson-Humphrey ticket as a demonstration of the Negro's political power. Curiously enough, these people who sought to demonstrate power through the non-exercise of it, also point to the Negro "swing vote" in crucial urban areas as the source of the Negro's independent political power. But here they are closer to being right: the urban Negro vote will grow in importance in the coming years. If there is anything positive in the spread of the ghetto, it is the potential political power base thus created, and to realize this potential is one of the most challenging and urgent tasks before the civil rights movement. If the movement can wrest leadership of the ghetto vote from the machines, it will have acquired an organized constituency such as other major groups in our society now have.

But we must also remember that the effectiveness of a swing vote depends solely on "other" votes. It derives its power from them. In that sense, it can never be "independent," but must opt for one candidate or the other, even if by default. Thus coalitions are inescapable, however tentative they may be. And this is the case in all but those few situations in which Negroes running on an independent ticket might conceivably win. "Independence," in other words, is not a value in itself. The issue is which coalition to join and how to make it responsive to your program. Necessarily there will be compromise. But the difference between expediency and morality in politics is the difference between selling out a principle and making smaller concessions to win larger ones. The leader who shrinks from this task reveals not his purity but his lack of political sense.

The task of molding a political movement out of the March on Washington coalition is not simple, but no alternatives have been advanced. We need to choose our allies on the basis of common political objectives. It has become fashionable in some no-win Negro circles to decry the white liberal as the main enemy (his hypocrisy is what sustains racism); by virtue of this reverse recitation of the reactionary's litany (liberalism leads to socialism, which leads to Communism) the Negro is left in majestic isolation, except for a tiny band of fervent white initiates. But the objective fact is that *Eastland and Goldwater* are the main enemies—they and the opponents of civil rights, of the war on poverty, of medicare, of social security, of federal aid to education, of unions, and so forth. The labor movement, despite its obvious faults, has been the largest single organized force in this country pushing for progressive social legislation. And where the Negro-labor-liberal axis is weak, as in the farm belt, it was the religious groups that were most influential in rallying support for the Civil Rights Bill.

The durability of the coalition was interestingly tested during the election. I do not believe that the Johnson landslide proved the "white backlash" to be a myth. It proved, rather, that

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economic interests are more fundamental than prejudice: the backlashers decided that loss of social security was, after all, too high a price to pay for a slap at the Negro. This lesson was a valuable first step in re-educating such people, and it must be kept alive, for the civil rights movement will be advanced only to the degree that social and economic welfare gets to be inextricably entangled with civil rights.

The 1964 elections marked a turning point in American politics. The Democratic landslide was not merely the result of a negative reaction to Goldwaterism; it was also the expression of a majority liberal consensus. The near unanimity with which Negro voters joined in that expression was, I am convinced, a vindication of the July 25th statement by Negro leaders calling for a strategic turn toward political action and a temporary curtailment of mass demonstrations. Despite the controversy surrounding the statement, the instinctive response it met with in the community is suggested by the fact that demonstrations were down 75 per cent as compared with the same period in 1963. But should so high a percentage of Negro voters have gone to Johnson, or should they have held back to narrow his margin of victory and thus give greater visibility to our swing vote? How has our loyalty changed things? Certainly the Negro vote had higher visibility in 1960, when a switch of only 7 per cent from the Republican column of 1956 elected President Kennedy. But the slimness of Kennedy's victory—of his "mandate"—dictated a go-slow approach on civil rights, at least until the Birmingham upheaval.

Although Johnson's popular majority was so large that he could have won without such overwhelming Negro support, that support was important from several angles. Beyond adding to Johnson's total national margin, it was specifically responsible for his victories in Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Goldwater took only those states where fewer than 45 per cent of eligible Negroes were registered. That Johnson would have won those states had Negro voting rights been enforced is a lesson not likely to be lost on a man who would have been happy with a unanimous electoral college. In any case, the 1.6 million Southern Negroes who voted have had a shattering impact on the Southern political party structure, as illustrated in the changed composition of the Southern congressional delegation. The "backlash" gave the Republicans five House seats in Alabama, one in Georgia, and one in Mississippi. But on the Democratic side, seven segregationists were defeated while all nine Southerners who voted for the Civil Rights Act were re-elected. It may be premature to predict a Southern Democratic party of Negroes and white moderates and a Republican Party of refugee racists and economic conservatives, but there certainly is a strong tendency toward such a realignment; and an additional 3.6 million Negroes of voting age in the eleven Southern states are still to be heard from. Even the *tendency* toward disintegration of the Democratic party's racist wing defines a new context for Presidential and liberal strategy in the congressional battles ahead. Thus the Negro vote (North as well as South), while not *decisive* in the Presidential race, was enormously effective. It was a dramatic element of a historic mandate which contains vast possibilities and dangers that will fundamentally affect the future course of the civil rights movement.

The liberal congressional sweep raises hope for an assault on the seniority system, Rule Twenty-two, and other citadels of Dixiecrat-Republican power. The overwhelming of this conservative coalition should also mean progress on much bottlenecked legislation of profound interest to the movement (e.g., bills by Senators Clark and Nelson on planning, manpower, and employment). Moreover, the irrelevance of the South to Johnson's victory gives the President more freedom to act than his predecessor had and more leverage to the movement to pressure for executive action in Mississippi and other racist strongholds.

NONE OF this *guarantees* vigorous executive or legislative action, for the other side of the Johnson landslide is that it has a Gaullist quality. Goldwater's capture of the Republican party forced into the Democratic camp many disparate elements which do not belong there, Big Business being the major example. Johnson, who wants to be President "of all people," may try to keep his new coalition together by sticking close to the political center. But if he decides to do this, it is unlikely that even his political genius will be able to hold together a coalition so inherently unstable and rife with contradictions. It must come apart. Should it do so while Johnson is pursuing a centrist course, then the mandate will have been wastefully dissipated. However, if the mandate is seized upon to set fundamental changes in motion, then the basis can be laid for a new mandate, a new coalition including hitherto inert and dispossessed strata of the population.

Here is where the cutting edge of the civil rights movement can be applied. We must see to it that the reorganization of the "consensus party" proceeds along lines which will make it an effective vehicle for social reconstruction, a role it cannot play so long as it furnishes Southern racism with its national political power. (One of Barry Goldwater's few attractive ideas was that the Dixiecrats belong with him in the same party.) And nowhere has the civil rights movement's political cutting edge been more magnificently demonstrated than at Atlantic City, where the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party not

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only secured recognition as a bona fide component of the national party, but in the process routed the representatives of the most rabid racists—the white Mississippi and Alabama delegations. While I still believe that the FDP made a tactical error in spurning the compromise, there is no question that they launched a political revolution whose logic is the displacement of Dixiecrat power. They launched that revolution within a major political institution and as part of a coalitional effort.

The role of the civil rights movement in the reorganization of American political life is programmatic as well as strategic. We are challenged now to broaden our social vision, to develop functional programs with concrete objectives. We need to propose alternatives to technological unemployment, urban decay, and the rest. We need to be calling for public works and training, for national economic planning, for federal aid to education, for attractive public housing—all this on a sufficiently massive scale to make a difference. We need to protest the notion that our integration into American life, so long delayed, must now proceed in an atmosphere of competitive scarcity instead of in the security of abundance which technology makes possible. We cannot claim to have answers to all the complex problems of modern society. That is too much to ask of a movement still battling barbarism in Mississippi. But we can agitate the right questions by probing at the contradictions which still stand in the way of the "Great Society." The questions having been asked, motion must begin in the larger society, for there is a limit to what Negroes can do alone.

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GEORGE STEINER

A KIND OF SURVIVOR

For Elie Wiesel

NOT LITERALLY. Due to my father's foresight (he had shown it when leaving Vienna in 1924), I came to America in January 1940, during the phony war. We left France, where I was born and brought up, in safety. So I happened not to be there when the names were called out. I did not stand in the public square with the other children, those I had grown up with. Or see my father and mother disappear when the train doors were torn open. But in another sense I am a survivor, and not intact. If I am often out of touch with my own generation, if that which haunts me and controls my habits of feeling strikes many of those I should be intimate and working with in my present world as remotely sinister and artificial, it is because the black mystery of what happened in Europe is to me indivisible from my own identity. Precisely because I was not there, because an accident of good fortune struck my name from the roll.

Often the children went alone, or held the hands of strangers. Sometimes parents saw them pass and did not dare call out their names. And they went, of course, not for anything they had done or said. But because their parents existed before them. The crime of being one's children. During the Nazi period it knew no absolution, no end. Does it now? Somewhere the determination to kill Jews, to harass them from the earth simply because they *are,* is always alive. Ordinarily, the purpose is muted, or appears in trivial spurts—the obscenity daubed on the front door, the brick through the shop window. But there are, even now, places where the murderous intent might grow heavy: in Russia, in parts of North Africa, in certain countries of Latin America. Where tomorrow? So, at moments, when I see my children in the room, or imagine that I hear them breathing in the still of the house, I grow afraid. Because I have put on their backs a burden of ancient loathing and set savagery at their heels. Because it may be that I will be able to do no more than the parents of the children gone to guard them.

That fear lies near the heart of the way in which I think of myself as a Jew. To have been a European Jew in the first half of the 20th century was to pass sentence on one's own children, to force upon them a condition almost beyond rational understanding. And which may recur. I have to think that—it is the vital clause—so long as remembrance is real. Perhaps we Jews walk closer to our children than other men; try as they may, they cannot leap out of our shadow.

This is my self-definition. Mine, because I cannot speak for any other Jew. All of us obviously have something in common. We do tend to recognize one another wherever we meet, nearly at a glance, by some common trick of feeling, by the darkness we carry. But each of us must hammer it out for himself. That is the real meaning of the Diaspora, of the wide scattering and thinning of belief.

To the Orthodox my definition must seem desperate and shallow. Entire communities stayed close-knit to the end. There were children who did not cry out but said *Shema Yisroel* and kept their eyes wide open because His kingdom lay just a step over the charnel pit (not as many as is sometimes said, but there *were*). To the strong believer the torture and massacre of six million is one chapter—one only—in the millennial dialogue between God and the people He has so terribly chosen. Though Judaism lacks a dogmatic eschatology (it leaves to the individual the imagining of transcendence), the Orthodox can meditate on the camps as a forecourt of God's house, as an almost intolerable but manifest mystery of His will. When he teaches his children the prayers and rites (my own access to these was that of history, not of present faith), when they sing at his side at the high holidays, the pious Jew looks on them not with fear, not as hostages that bear the doom of his love, but in pride and rejoicing. Through them the bread shall remain blessed and the wine sanctified. They are alive not because of a clerical oversight in a Gestapo office, but because they no less than the dead are part of God's truth. Without them history would stand empty. The Orthodox

GEORGE STEINER is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, and the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky, The Death of Tragedy* and, most recently, *Anno Domini*, a collection of three related novellas.

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Jew defines himself (as I cannot) in the rich life of his prayer, of an inheritance both tragic and resplendent. He harvests the living echo of his own being from the voices of his community and the holiness of the word. His children are like the night turned to song.

The Orthodox Jew would not only deny me the right to speak for him, pointing to my lack of knowledge and communion; he would say, "You are not like us, you are a Jew outwardly, in name only." Exactly. But the Nazis made of the mere name necessary and sufficient cause. They did not ask whether one had ever been to synagogue, whether one's children knew any Hebrew. The anti-Semite is no theologian; but his definition is inclusive. So we would all have gone together, the Orthodox and I. And the gold teeth would have come out of our dead mouths, song or no song.

Two passages from Exodus help the mind grasp enormity. Perhaps they are mistranslations or archaic shards interpolated in the canonic text. But they help me as does poetry and metaphor, by giving imaginative logic to grim possibility. Exodus 4.24 tells how God sought to kill Moses: "And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him and sought to kill him." I gloss this to mean that God suffers gusts of murderous exasperation at the Jews, toward a people who have made Him a responsible party to history and to the grit of man's condition. He may not have wished to be involved; the people may have chosen Him, in the oasis at Kadesh, and thrust upon Him the labors of justice and right anger. It may have been the Jew who caught Him by the skirt, insisting on contract and dialogue. Perhaps before either God or living man was ready for proximity. So as in marriage, or the bond between father and child, there are moments when love is changed to something very much like itself, pure hatred.

The second text is Exodus 33.22-3. Moses is once more on Sinai, asking for a new set of tablets (we have always been nagging Him, demanding justice and reason twice over). There follows a strange ceremony of recognition: "And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by: And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen." This may be the decisive clue: God can turn His back. There may be minutes or millennia—is our time His?—in which He does not see man, in which He is looking the *other way*. Why? Perhaps because through some minute, hideous error of design the universe is too large for His surveillance, because somewhere there is a millionth of an inch, it need be no more, out of His line of sight. So He must turn to look there also. When God's back parts are toward man, history is Belsen.

If the Orthodox Jew cannot allow my definition, or this use of the holy word as metaphor and paradox, neither can the Zionist and the Israeli. They do not deny the catastrophe, but they know that it bore splendid fruit. Out of the horror came the new chance. The state of Israel is undeniably a part of the legacy of German mass murder. Hope and the will to action spring from the capacity of the human mind to forget, from the instinct of necessary oblivion. The Israeli Jew cannot look back too often; his must be the dreams not of night but of day, the forward dreams. Let the dead bury the mounds of the dead. His history is not theirs; it has just begun. To someone like myself, the Israeli Jew might say: "Why aren't you here? If you fear for the lives of your children, why not send them here and let them grow up amid their own kind? Why burden them with your own perhaps literary, perhaps masochistic, remembrance of disaster? This is their future. They have a right to it. We need all the brains and sinews we can get. We're not working for ourselves alone. There isn't a Jew in the world who doesn't hold his head higher because of what we've done here, because Israel exists."

Which is obviously true. The status of the Jew everywhere has altered a little, the image he carries of himself has a new straightness of back, because Israel has shown that Jews can handle modern weapons, that they can fly jets, and turn desert into orchard. When he is pelted in Argentina or mocked in Kiev, the Jewish child knows that there is a corner of the earth where he is master, where the gun is his. If Israel were to be destroyed, no Jew would escape unscathed. The shock of failure, the need and harrying of those seeking refuge, would reach out to implicate even the most indifferent, the most anti-Zionist.

So why not go? Why not leave the various lands in which we still live, it seems to me, as more or less accepted guests? Many Russian Jews might go if they could. North African Jews are doing so even at the price of destitution. The Jews of South Africa might before too long be forced to the same resolve. So why don't I go, who am at liberty, whose children could grow up far from the spoor of the inhuman past? I don't know if there is a good answer. But there is a reason.

IF THE WAY I think of my Jewishness will appear unacceptable or self-defeating to the Orthodox and the Israeli, it will also seem remote and overdramatized to most American Jews. The idea that Jews everywhere have been maimed by the European catastrophe, that the massacre has left all who survived (even if they were nowhere near the actual scene) off balance, as does the tearing of a limb, is one which American Jews can understand in an intellectual sense. But I don't find that it has immediate personal

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relevance. The relationship of the American Jew to recent history is subtly and radically different from that of the European. By its very finality, the holocaust justified every previous impulse of immigration. All who had left Europe to establish the new Jewish communities in America were proved terribly right. The Jewish soldier who went to the Europe of his fathers came better armed, technologically more efficient than his murderous enemy. The few Jews he found alive were out of a hideous but spectral world, like a nightmare in a foreign tongue. In America, Jewish parents listen at night for their children; but it is to make sure the car is back in the garage, not because there is a mob out. It cannot happen in Scarsdale.

I am not sure, not completely (this is precisely where I am an outsider). Most American Jews are aware of anti-Semitism in specialized areas of life—the club, the holiday resort, the residential district, the professional guild. But in comparative terms, it tends to be mild, perhaps because America, unlike Europe or Russia, has no history of guilt toward the Jew. The size and human wealth of the American Jewish community are such, moreover, that a Jew need hardly go outside his own sphere to enjoy American life at its best and freest. The principal dynamism of American life, however, is a middle- and lower-middle-class conformity, an enforcing consensus of taste and ideal. Nearly by definition, the Jew stands in the way of uniform coherence. Economic, social, or political stress tend to make this latent disparity—the hostile recognition and reciprocal self-awareness of "difference"—more acute. Depression or a drastic increase in unemployment would isolate the status of the Jew, focusing resentment on his prosperity and on the ostentatious forms that prosperity has taken in certain aspects of Jewish life. The struggle over Negro rights, which is coming to overshadow so much of American life, has obvious bearing. Among urban Negroes anti-Semitism is often open and raw. It can be used by the Negro as a basis of temporary alliance with other underprivileged or resentful elements in the white community. Beyond these possibilities lies the larger pattern: the stiffening of consensus, the increasing concentration of American values in a standardized moralistic nationalism.

I agree that American anti-Semitism will stay mild and covert. So long as the economy expands and the racial conflict can be kept in tolerable bounds. So long as Israel is viable and can offer refuge. This is probably the root condition. The support given to Israel by the American Jewish community is both thoroughly generous and thoroughly self-interested. If a new wave of immigration occurred, if the Russian or Tunisian Jew came knocking at America's door, the status of American Jewry would be immediately affected.

These complex safeguards and conditions of acceptance can break down. America is no more immune than any other nationalistic, professedly Christian society from the contagion of anti-Semitism. In a crisis of resentment or exclusion, even the more assimilated would be driven back to our ancient legacy of fear. Though he might have forgotten it and turned Unitarian (a characteristic halfway house), Mr. Harrison's neighbors would remind him that his father was called Horowitz. To deny this is to assert that in America human character and historical forces have undergone some miraculous change—a utopian claim which the actual development of American life in the 20th century has more than once rebuked.

NEVERTHELESS, the sense I have of the Jew as a man who looks on his children with a dread remembrance of helplessness and an intimation of future, murderous possibility, is a very personal, isolated one. It does not relate to much that is now alive and hopeful. But it is not wholly negative either. I mean to include in it far more than the naked precedent of ruin. That which has been destroyed—the large mass of life so mocked, so hounded to oblivion that even the names are gone and the prayer for the dead can have no exact foothold—embodied a particular genius, a quality of intelligence and feeling which none of the major Jewish communities now surviving has preserved or recaptured. Because I feel that specific inheritance urgent in my own reflexes, in the work I try to do, I am a kind of survivor.

In respect of *secular* thought and achievement, the period of Jewish history which ended at Auschwitz surpassed even the brilliant age of co-existence in Islamic Spain. During roughly a century, from the emancipation of the ghettoes by the French Revolution and Napoleon to the time of Hitler, the Jew took part in the moral, intellectual, and artistic noon of bourgeois Europe. The long confinement of the ghetto, the sharpening of wit and nervous insight against the whetstone of persecution, had accumulated large reserves of consciousness. Released into the light, a certain Jewish elite, and the wider middle-class circle which took pride and interest in its accomplishments, quickened and complicated the entire contour of Western thought. To every domain they brought radical imaginings; more specifically, the more gifted Jews re-possessed certain crucial elements of classic European civilization in order to make them new and problematic. All this is commonplace; as is the inevitable observation that the tenor of modernity, the shapes of awareness and query by which we order our lives are, in substantial measure, the work of Marx, Freud, and Einstein.

What is far more difficult to show, though it seems to me undeniable, is the extent to which a common heritage of fairly recent emancipation,

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a particular bias of rational feeling—specialized in origin but broadening out to become the characteristic modern note—informs their distinct, individual genius. In all three, we discern a mastering impulse to visionary logic, to imagination in the abstract, as if the long banishment of the Eastern and European Jew from material action had given to thought a dramatic autonomy. The intimation of an energy of imagination at once sensuous and abstract, the release of the Jewish sensibility into a world dangerously new, unencumbered by reverence, is similarly at work in the subversions of Schoenberg and Kafka, and in the mathematics of Cantor. It relates Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* to that of Spinoza.

Without the contribution made by the Jews between 1830 and 1930, Western culture would be obviously different and diminished. At the same time, of course, it was his collision with established European values, with classic modes of art and argument, which compelled the emancipated Jew to define his range and identity. In this collision, in the attempt to achieve poise in an essentially borrowed milieu, the converted Jew or half-Jew, the Jew whose relation to his own past grew covert or antagonistic—Heine, Bergson, Hofmannsthal, Proust—played a particularly subtle and creative role.

Those who helped define and shared in this *Central European humanism* (each of the three terms carrying its full charge of implication and meaning) showed characteristic traits, characteristic habits of taste and recognition. They had a quick way with languages. Heine is the first, perhaps the only great poet whom it is difficult to locate in any single linguistic sensibility. The habits of reference of this European Jewish generation often point to the Greek and Latin classics; but these were seen through the special focus of Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe. An almost axiomatic sense of Goethe's transcendent stature, of the incredible ripeness and humanity of his art, colors the entire European-Jewish enlightenment, and continues to mark its few survivors (Goethe's fragment *On Nature* converted Freud from an early interest in law to the study of the biological sciences). The Central European Jewish bourgeoisie was frequently intimate with the plays of Shakespeare and assumed, rightly, that the performance of Shakespearean drama in Vienna, Munich, or Berlin (often acted and staged by Jews) more than matched what could be found in England. It read Balzac and Stendhal (one recalls Leon Blum's pioneer study of Beyle), Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Zola. But it often read them in a special, almost heightened context. The Jews who welcomed Scandinavian drama and the Russian novel tended to see in the new realism and iconoclasm of literature a part of the general liberation of spirit. Zola was not only the explorer of erotic and economic realities, as were Freud, Weininger, or Marx: he was the champion of Dreyfus.

The relationship of Jewish consciousness to Wagner was passionate, though uneasy. We see late instances of this duality in the musicology of Adorno and the fiction of Werfel. It recognized in Wagner the radicalism and histrionic tactics of a great outsider. It caught in Wagner's anti-Semitism a queer, intimate note, and gave occasional heed to the stubborn myth that Wagner was himself of Jewish descent. Being new to the plastic arts, hence beautifully free and empiric in its responses, Jewish taste, in the guise of dealer, patron and critic, backed Impressionism and the blaze of the modern. Through Reinhardt and Piscator it renovated the theater; through Gustav Mahler the relations between serious music and society. In its golden period, from 1870 to 1914, then again in the 1920's, the Jewish leaven gave to Prague and Berlin, to Vienna and Paris a specific vitality of feeling and expression, an atmosphere both quintessentially European and "off-center." The nuance of spirit is delicately mocked and made memorable in the unquiet hedonism, in the erudite urbanity of Proust's Swann.

ALMOST NOTHING of it survives. This is what makes my own, almost involuntary, identification with it so shadowy a condition. European Jewry and its intelligentsia were caught between two waves of murder, Nazism and Stalinism. The implication of the European and Russian Jew in Marxism had natural causes. As has often been said, the dream of a secular millennium—which is still alive in Georg Lukacs and the master historian of hope, Ernst Bloch—relates the social utopia of Communism to the messianic tradition. For both Jew and Communist, history is a scenario of gradual humanization, an immensely difficult attempt by man to become man. In both modes of feeling there is an obsession with the prophetic authority of moral or historical law, with the right reading of canonic revelations. But from Eduard Bernstein to Trotsky, from Isaac Babel to Pasternak, the involvement of the Jewish personality in Communism and the Russian revolution follows an ironic pattern. Nearly invariably it ends in dissent or heresy—in that heresy which claims to be orthodox because it is seeking to restore the betrayed meaning of Marx (the Polish Marxist Adam Schaff would be a contemporary instance of this "Talmudic revisionism"). As Stalinism turned to nationalism and technocracy—the new Russia of the managerial middle class has its precise origins in the Stalinist period—the revolutionary intelligentsia went to the wall. The Jewish Marxist, the Trotskyite, the socialist fellow-traveller were trapped in the ruins of utopia. The Jew who had joined Communism in order to fight the Nazis, the Jewish Communist who had broken

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with the party after the purge trials, fell into the net of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

In one of the vilest episodes in modern history, the militia and police of European appeasement and European totalitarianism collaborated in handing over Jews. The French delivered to the Gestapo those who had fled from Spain and Germany. Himmler and the GPU exchanged anti-Stalinist and anti-Nazi Jews for further torture and elimination. One thinks of Walter Benjamin—one of the most brilliant representatives of radical humanism—committing suicide lest the French or Spanish border-guards hand him over to the invading SS; of Buber-Neumann whose widow was nearly hounded to death by Stalinist cadres *inside* a Nazi concentration camp; of a score of others trapped between the Nazi and the Stalinist hunter (the memoirs of Victor Serge close with the roll of their several and hideous deaths). Which bestial bargain and exchange at the frontier made eloquent the decision to hound the Jew out of European history. But also the peculiar dignity of his torment. Perhaps we can define ourselves thus: *the Jews are a people whom totalitarian barbarism must choose for its hatred.*

A certain number escaped. It is easily demonstrable that much important work in American scholarship in the period from 1934 to *circa* 1955, in the arts, in the exact and social sciences, is the afterlife of the Central European renascence and embodied the talent of the refugee. But the particular cast of the American Jewish intelligence on native ground, which I first met at the University of Chicago in the late 1940's, and which now plays so obviously powerful a role in American intellectual and artistic life, is something very different. There is little of Karl Kraus's notion of style and humane literacy in, say, *Partisan Review*. Kraus is very nearly a touchstone. Ask a man if he has heard of him or read his *Literature and Lies*. If so, he is probably one of the survivors.

In Kraus, as in Kafka and Hermann Broch, there is a mortal premonition and finality. Broch, who seems to me the major European novelist after Joyce and Mann, is a defining figure. His *Death of Virgil*, his philosophic essays, are an epilogue to humanism. They focus on the deed which should dominate our rational lives so far as we still conduct them, which should persistently bewilder our sense of self—the turn of civilization to mass murder. Like certain parables of Kafka and the epistemology of the early Wittgenstein, the art of Broch goes near the edge of necessary silence. It asks whether speech, whether the shapes of moral judgment and imagination which the Judaic-Hellenic tradition founds in the authority of the word, are viable in the face of the inhuman. Is the poet's verse not an insult to the naked cry? Broch died in America in a strange, vital solitude, giving voice to a civilization, to an inheritance of humane striving, already done to death.

The humanism of the European Jew lies in literal ash. In the accent of survivors—Hannah Arendt, Ernst Bloch, T. W. Adorno, Erich Kahler, Levi-Strauss—whose interests and commitments are, of course, diverse, you will hear a common note as of desolation. Yet it is these voices which seem to me contemporary, whose work and context of reference are indispensable to an understanding of the philosophic, political, aesthetic roots of the inhuman; of the paradox that modern barbarism sprang in some intimate, perhaps necessary way, from the very core and locale of humanistic civilization. If this is so, why do we try to teach, to write, to contend for literacy? Which question, and I know of none more urgent, or the idiom in which it is put, probably puts the asker thirty years out of date—on either side of the present.

As do certain other questions, increasingly muted and out of focus. Yet which cannot go unasked if we are to argue the values and possibilities of our culture. I mean the general complicity in the massacre. There were superb exceptions (in Denmark, Norway, Bulgaria), but the tale is sordid and much of it remains an ugly riddle. At a time when nine-thousand Jews were being exterminated *each day*, neither the R.A.F. nor the U.S. Air Force bombed the ovens or sought to blow open the camps (as Mosquitoes, flying low, had broken wide a prison in France to liberate agents of the *maquis*). Though the Jewish and Polish underground made desperate pleas, though the German bureaucracy made little secret of the fact that the "final solution" depended on rail transport, the lines to Belsen and Auschwitz were not bombed. Why? The question has been asked of Churchill and Tedder. Has there been an adequate answer? When the *Wehrmacht* and *Waffen-SS* poured into Russia, Soviet intelligence quickly noted the mass killing of the Jews. Stalin forbade any public announcement of the fact. Here again, the reasons are obscure. He may not have wanted a rekindling of separate Jewish consciousness; he may have feared implicit reference to his own anti-Semitic policies. Whatever the cause, many Jews who could have fled eastward stayed behind unknowing. Later on, in the Ukraine, local gangs helped the Germans round up those who cowered in cellars and woods.

I wonder what would have happened if Hitler had played the game after Munich, if he had simply said, "I will make no move outside the Reich so long as I am allowed a free hand inside my borders." Dachau, Buchenwald, and Theresienstadt would have operated in the middle of 20th-century European civilization until the last Jew in reach had been made soap.

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There would have been brave words on Trafalgar Square and in Carnegie Hall, to audiences diminishing and bored. Society might, on occasion, have boycotted German wines. But no foreign power would have taken action. Tourists would have crowded the *Autobahn* and spas of the Reich, passing near but not too near the death-camps as we now pass Portuguese jails or Greek prison-islands. There would have been numerous pundits and journalists to assure us that rumors were exaggerated, that Dachau had pleasant walks. And the Red Cross would have sent Christmas parcels.

Below his breath, the Jew asks of his gentile neighbor: "If you had known, would you have cried in the face of God and man that this hideousness must stop? Would you have made some attempt to get my children out? Or planned a skiing party to Garmisch?" The Jew is a living reproach.

Men are accomplices to that which leaves them indifferent. It is this fact which must, I think, make the Jew wary inside Western culture, which must lead him to re-examine ideals and historical traditions that, certainly in Europe, had enlisted the best of his hopes and genius. The house of civilization proved no shelter.

But then, I have never been sure about houses. Perforce, the Jew has often been wanderer and guest. He can buy an old manse and plant a garden. An anxious pastoralism is a distinctive part of the attempt of many American middle-class and intellectual Jews to assimilate to the Anglo-Saxon background. But I wonder whether it's quite the same. The dolls in the attic were not ours; the ghosts have a rented air. Characteristically, Marx, Freud, Einstein end their lives far from their native ground, in exile or refuge. The Jew has his anchorage not in place but in time, in his highly developed sense of history as personal context. Six-thousand years of self-awareness are a homeland.

I find that the edge of strangeness and temporary habitation carries over into language, though here again my experience is obviously different from that of the native-born American Jew. European Jews learned languages quickly; often they had to as they wandered. But a final "at homeness" may elude us, that unconscious, immemorial intimacy which a man has with his native idiom as he does with the rock, earth, and ash of his acre. Hence the particular strategies of the two greatest European Jewish writers. Heine's German, as Adorno has pointed out, is a brilliantly personal, European idiom on which his fluent knowledge of French exercised a constant pressure. Kafka wrote German as if it were all bone, as if none of the enveloping texture of colloquialism, of historical and regional overtone, had been allowed him. He used each word as if he had borrowed it at high interest. Many great actors are or have been Jews. Language passes *through* them, and they shape it almost too well, like a treasure acquired, not inalienable. This may be pertinent also to the Jewish excellence in music, physics and mathematics, whose languages are international and codes of pure denotation.

THE EUROPEAN JEW did not want to remain a guest. He strove, as he has done in America, to take root. He gave strenuous, even macabre proof of his loyalty. In 1933-4, Jewish veterans of the First World War assured Herr Hitler of their patriotism, of their devotion to the German ideal. Shortly thereafter, even the limbless and the decorated were hauled to the camps. In 1940, when Vichy stripped French Jews of their rights, veterans of Verdun, holders of the *Médaille militaire*, men whose families had lived in France since the early 19th century, found themselves harried and stateless. In the Soviet Union a Jew is so designated on his identity card. Is it foolish or hysterical to suppose that, labor as he may, the Jew in a gentile nation-state sits near the door? Where, inevitably, he arouses distrust.

From Dreyfus to Oppenheimer, every burst of nationalism, of patriotic hysteria, has focused suspicion on the Jew. Such statistics probably have no real meaning, but it may well be that the proportion of Jews actually implicated in ideological or scientific disloyalty has been high. Perhaps because they have been vulnerable to blackmail and clandestine menace, because they are natural middle-men with an ancient ease in the export and import of ideas. But more essentially, I imagine, because they are pariahs whose sense of nationality has been made critical and unsteady. To a man who may tomorrow be in desperate flight across his own border, whose graveyard may be ploughed up and strewn with garbage, the nation-state is an ambiguous haven. Citizenship becomes not an inalienable right, a sacrament of *Blut und Boden*, but a contract which he must renegotiate, warily, with each host.

The rootlessness of the Jew, the "cosmopolitanism" denounced by Hitler, by Stalin, by Mosley, by every right-wing hooligan, is historically an enforced condition. The Jew finds no comfort in "squatting on the window sill" (T. S. Eliot's courteous phrase). He would rather have been *echt Deutsch* or *Francais de vieille souche* or Minuteman born than "Chicago Semite Viennese." At most times he has been given no choice. But though uncomfortable in the extreme, this condition is, if we accept it, not without a larger meaning.

Nationalism is the venom of our age. It has brought Europe to the edge of ruin. It drives the new states of Asia and Africa like crazed lemmings. By proclaiming himself a Ghanaean,

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a Nicaraguan, a Maltese, a man spares himself vexation. He need not ravel out what he is, where his humanity lies. He becomes one of an armed, coherent pack. Every mob impulse in modern politics, every totalitarian design, feeds on nationalism, on the drug of hatred which makes human beings bare their teeth across a wall, across ten yards of waste ground. Even if it be against his harried will, his weariness, the Jew—or some Jews, at least—may have an exemplary role. To show that whereas trees have roots, men have legs and are each other's guests. If the potential of civilization is not to be destroyed, we shall have to develop more complex, more provisional loyalties. There are, as Socrates taught, necessary treasons to make the city freer and more open to man. Even a Great Society is a bounded, transient thing compared to the free play of the mind and the anarchic discipline of its dreams.

When a Jew opposes the parochial ferocity into which nationalism so easily (inevitably) degenerates, he is paying an old debt. By one of the cruel, deep ironies of history, the concept of a chosen people, of a nation exalted above others by particular destiny, was born in Israel. In the vocabulary of Nazism there were elements of a vengeful parody on the Judaic claim. The theological motif of a people elected at Sinai is echoed in the pretense of the master race and its chiliastic dominion. Thus there was in the obsessed relation of Nazi to Jew a minute but fearful grain of logic.

But if the poison is, in ancient part, Jewish, so perhaps is the antidote, the radical humanism which sees man on the road to becoming man. This is where Marx is most profoundly a Jew (while at the same time arguing the dissolution of Jewish identity). He believed that class and economic status knew no frontiers, that misery had a common citizenship. He postulated that the revolutionary process would abolish national distinctions and antagonisms as industrial technology had all but eroded regional autonomy. The entire socialist utopia and dialectic of history is based on an international premise.

Marx was wrong; here, as in other respects, he thought too romantically, too well of men. Nationalism has been a major cause and beneficiary of two world wars. The workers of the world did not unite; they tore at each other's throats. Even beggars wrap themselves in flags. It was Russian patriotism, the outrage of national consciousness, not the vision of socialism and class solidarity, which enabled the Soviet Union to survive in 1941. In Eastern Europe, state socialism has left national rivalries fierce and archaic. A thousand miles of empty Siberian steppe may come to matter more to Russia and China than the entire fabric of Communist fraternity.

But though Marx was wrong, though the ideal of a non-national society seems mockingly remote, there is in the last analysis no other alternative to self-destruction. The earth grows too crowded, too harassed by the shadow of famine, to waste soil on barbed wire. Where he can survive as guest, where he can re-examine the relations between conscience and commitment, making his exercise of national loyalty scrupulous but also skeptical and humane, the Jew can act as a valuable irritant. The chauvinist will snarl at his heels. But it is in the nature of a chase that those who are hunted are in advance of the pack.

That is why I have not, until now, been able to accept the notion of going to live in Israel. The State of Israel is, in one sense, a sad miracle. Herzl's Zionist program bore the obvious marks of the rising nationalism of the late 19th century. Sprung of inhumanity and the imminence of massacre, Israel has had to make itself a closed fist. No one is more tense with national feeling than an Israeli. He must be if his strip of home is to survive the wolfpack at its doors. Chauvinism is almost the requisite condition of life. But although the strength of Israel reaches deep into the awareness of every Jew, though the survival of the Jewish people may depend on it, the nation-state bristling with arms is a bitter relic, an absurdity in the century of crowded men. And it is alien to some of the most radical, most humane elements in the Jewish spirit.

So a few may want to stay in the cold, outside the sanctuary of nationalism—even though it is, at last, their own. A man need not be buried in Israel. Highgate or Golders Green or the wind will do.

If my children should happen to read this one day, and if luck has held, it may seem as remote to them as it will to a good many of my contemporaries. If things go awry, it may help remind them that somewhere stupidity and barbarism have already chosen them for a target. This is their inheritance. More ancient, more inalienable than any patent of nobility.

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NATHAN GLAZER

WHAT HAPPENED AT BERKELEY

As I WRITE this, in late December, we in Berkeley are in the Christmas lull. The university's 18,000 undergraduates are for the most part at home, many of the faculty and even some of the graduate students are away. But despite the quiet, the campus is full. The American Physical Society is meeting, which probably explains why it is still difficult to find a parking space even with a faculty sticker ($72 a year). For the first time in weeks, the steps of Sproul Hall, the administration building, are bare of demonstrators and loud-speakers, the entries to the campus are empty of tables collecting money, students handing out literature, or posters announcing meetings. But faculty studies, teaching-assistant rooms, and libraries are busy and show no signs that this is a holiday.

The Regents of the University of California met the day before the Christmas recess began, declared that they "do not contemplate that advocacy or content of speech [on the Berkeley campus] shall be restricted beyond the purview of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution," and set up a committee to review university policies in consultation with faculty and students "with the intent of providing maximum freedom consistent with individual and group responsibility." (After an earlier meeting, on November 20, during which thousands of students were sitting outside being led by Joan Baez in singing, the Regents had said that their policy was to make campus facilities available for "planning, implementing or raising funds or recruiting participants for lawful off-campus action, not for unlawful. . . .") The Emergency Executive Committee of the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate (the faculty) issued an optimistic statement after the Regents' meeting, asserting that substantial progress had been made.

Despite all this, I—and many other faculty members—are filled with foreboding. We see neither a clear nor a near end to the crisis. And I am afraid it will not be easy for our friends in other places to understand what is going on here; it is hardly possible for those of us closest to it to agree on an interpretation.

To begin with, we must dispose of the ingeniously simple slogan of "free speech" which has made it possible for so many who are far from the events at Berkeley to send in forthright statements in support of the Free Speech Movement or the position adopted by the Faculty on December 8 (that political advocacy or organization should be limited only by minimum regulations designed to permit the university to function normally). Those of us who watched the Free Speech Movement (FSM) daily set up its loud-speakers on the steps of the administration building to denounce the President, the Chancellor, the newspapers, the Regents, the faculty, and the structure and organization of society in general and universities in particular, could only admire the public-relations skill exhibited in the choice of a name for the student movement. Life, however, is not so simple as to present us with a classic free speech issue on the shores of San Francisco Bay.

During 1963-64, my first year as a teacher at Berkeley, student political activity was vigorous beyond anything I had recently seen at any other American college. In front of the concrete posts that mark the main pedestrian entrance to the campus from the busy intersection of Telegraph Avenue and Bancroft Way, one could find, on an ordinary school day, students handing out leaflets advertising many different kinds of political meetings and actions, to be held on the campus itself and off it as well. Various student groups would set up tables stacked with literature, both free and for sale, and members of the group would be available at the tables for discussion, information, and argument. The chief groups represented were socialists—evolutionary, revolutionary, and ambiguous; civil rights organizations such as CORE, or Friends of SNCC; Young Democrats; Young Republicans; and Conservatives. One could expect to come upon supporters of Khrushchev or Mao, Castro or Ho Chi-Minh, marijuana or LSD, not to mention the more garden-variety political and social positions. (We smiled then at the backwardness of Eastern campuses where straight sex was still an issue; only homosexuality or perversion, it seemed, could make an issue at Berkeley.) Outdoor meetings were also held at this same

NATHAN GLAZER is professor of sociology at Berkeley. A former member of the COMMENTARY editorial staff, he is the author of *The Social Basis of American Communism* and *American Judaism,* and co-author of *The Lonely Crowd* (with David Riesman and Reuel Denney) and *Beyond the Melting Pot* (with Daniel P. Moynihan).

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location, often as preludes to expeditions to San Francisco, Oakland, and downtown Berkeley to picket business establishments which had failed to negotiate or sign an agreement with CORE or some other civil-rights organization. On the campus itself, large posters were always in evidence announcing a great variety of events, many of them political. Berkeley was one of the few places in the country, I imagine, where in 1964 one could hear a public debate between the supporters of Khrushchev and Mao on the Sino-Soviet dispute —there were organized student groups behind both positions.

Of course regulations existed, administered by deans of students, which these groups had to observe in conducting their activities on campus. For example, the university required 72 hours' notice for visiting speakers. If a speaker was controversial, the university would demand that a tenured member of the faculty chair the meeting. On occasion, disputes broke out between the university and a student group over who should pay for putting out the chairs on Dwinelle Plaza (the open-air area in the center of campus where particularly large meetings are held), or whether a student group sponsoring a speaker who was expected to draw a large crowd (for example, Malcolm X) should be required to pay for police protection. These disputes were perhaps portents of what was to come, but the regulations did not seem to inhibit a degree of political activity that was perhaps unique on American campuses.

Nor did they inhibit a number of actions that can only be considered questionable political stunts. Thus, Slate, a student political party, decided that it would be a good idea to bring the West Coast leader of the American Nazi party to the university. He spoke in the largest enclosed space on campus, the men's gym. I do not recall any objections from the administration. The morning of his talk, young men and women wearing Nazi uniforms were posted at the chief entrances to the campus, handing out leaflets announcing the meeting. Later I heard an intense argument between two students at one of the entrances; it transpired that the young Nazi-clad figures were not really Nazis, but adherents of the liberal-progressive Slate, who had hit upon this as a clever way to publicize the meeting.

On another occasion, Slate invited the chief western organizer for the John Birch Society—I chaired that meeting. One could only conclude that inviting Communists to the Berkeley campus had become pretty tame, and an aspiring progressive organization had to invite John Birchers and Nazis to get an audience or to assert its absolute belief in free speech. But whatever one thought of this particular tack adopted by Slate, it was clear that free speech prevailed on the Berkeley campus.

It turned out, at the beginning of the fall semester of 1964, that this grand chaos—as it appeared—of oratory, advocacy, and action, was based on a tangle of distinctions that only the administrative staff that dealt with regulations affecting student organizations, and the leaders of the organizations they regulated, understood—and perhaps not even they. The regulations go back to a time when no political activity of any kind was allowed on campus. Under this earlier situation, even candidates for the Presidency were not allowed to speak at Berkeley: to have permitted such a thing would presumably have involved the university in "politics," and as a state university it was not supposed to be involved in politics. But gradually these rules were qualified and changed to the point where the Berkeley campus, like all other campuses that are proud of their devotion to the principle of free speech, was allowed to have Communist speakers. Largely as a result of such changes, last spring President Clark Kerr was given the Alexander Meiklejohn award by the American Association of University Professors for having made a major contribution to academic freedom.

BUT THROUGH all these modifications of earlier restrictions, a distinction was maintained. The campus was a place for "free speech." It was not, however, a place for advocacy,* for organization, or for collecting money. Thus an "off-campus" political organization (like CORE) could run a meeting "on-campus" but would have to explain to those present that certain kinds of discussion (for example, on implementing a demonstration) must be held off-campus. This was not as great a hardship as it might have been in other colleges or universities, where the campus is separated physically from the town (as is Stanford) or where the community possesses few meeting places suitable for student groups. Further, just as Berkeley is required to be free of "politics," it is also required to be free of religion in all forms—proselytization, worship, or even the organizational activities of student religious groups. The city of Berkeley, however, surrounds the university. And across the street which marks off campus from city, there is a row of institutions—YMCA, Methodist, Jewish, Episcopalian, etc.—which have often been available for political meetings banned on campus.

But to return to the distinction that underlay the regulations (or that some people in the administration believed underlay them)—that is, between "speech" on the one hand, and "advocacy and organization" on the other: traditionally, the chief area for advocacy was the sidewalk in front of the concrete posts which mark the boundary of the university. This was also the area where impromptu meetings would precede the march to the picket lines and the demonstration sites. But

*"Advocacy" was used throughout the ensuing dispute to mean advocacy of *action*, not of ideas.

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at the beginning of the fall semester of 1964, the university administration decided to enforce the distinction between "speech" and "advocacy and organization" on the strip of sidewalk in front of the posts (which is also the property of the Regents of the University of California).

Various reasons for this decision have been given. The administration at first asserted that the number of tables and meetings had become so great as to interfere with traffic. The students argued that there were more forceful reasons. During the preceding summer, while the Republican Convention met at the Cow Palace, students were recruited here not only for the usual civil rights activities (which included in this case blocking the entrances to the Cow Palace for a while) but to pack the galleries for Scranton. During that summer, in addition, civil rights demonstrators decided to move against the Oakland *Tribune,* owned by the family of former Senator Knowland, and the students charged that it was his complaint that led the administration to ban "advocacy and organization" on the strip of sidewalk in question.

There now began a conflict between two very unevenly matched opponents: the student political organizations and the administration of the Berkeley campus of the University of California. Berkeley has a long history of student agitation for the widening of freedom of political action on campus. This history has involved petition, picketing, demonstrating, research and argument, and the like. Many alumni of these efforts are still on and around the campus. A number of lawyers, in and outside the law school, have been involved in such past disputes and know them in detail. But the present student constellation differs markedly from that of only a few years ago, and thus a radically new style was adopted for this newest conflict with the administration over political activity.

THE GREAT NEW factor has, of course, been the civil rights movement, and particularly the development of the new techniques of civil disobedience, which opened up the lunch counters of the South and then spread to the North. Nowhere have these techniques been adopted with more enthusiasm and success than in the Bay Area. Last year hundreds of Berkeley students—along with students from San Francisco State College and elsewhere, and non-students as well—"sat-in" at a chain of lunch counters, "shopped-in" at a chain of supermarkets (they would fill a cart with groceries, let the clerk reckon the total on his machine, and then leave the mess of groceries on the counter, insouciantly declaring they did not have the money to pay for them), "slept-in" at the Sheraton Palace Hotel, lay down in the automobile showrooms of Van Ness Avenue. This activity led in each case to an agreement to hire a certain number of Negro workers. It also led in some cases to mass arrests and mass trials, which seriously strained the court system of San Francisco. The fact that the state of California has a law banning discrimination in employment and a commission devoted to ending discrimination in employment seemed to leave the demonstrators unmoved. Indeed, they often insisted that they themselves rather than the state agency should police the agreements they had won from the employers.

The civil rights movement created a situation among the student political groups on campus quite different from the one which had prevailed when such groups were fighting for the loosening of the strict regulations which once governed their political activity. Besides introducing new tactics, the civil rights movement developed a large body of students committed to these tactics, and a substantial body of public opinion—in the faculty and among the liberal population of the area—sympathetic to them. Admittedly, Berkeley was ideally suited to serve the expansion of the radical civil rights movement in the North. It had never been affected to the extent other colleges were by the mood of the "silent generation" of the 50's. (In 1960, remember, when the House Un-American Activities Committee met in San Francisco City Hall, hundreds of Berkeley students were willing to attempt to disrupt its hearings.) Indeed, in 1957, when I visited Berkeley for the first time, a number of socialist youth leaders from the East had just migrated here, because they found the political climate peculiarly congenial to their work. (In addition, it was my impression that Communism too retained more life and relevance in the Bay Area than in the East.) Some of these socialist youth leaders became students; some worked at the university; others worked in the community, becoming part of the penumbra of campus life which at Berkeley involves many people who are neither students, faculty, nor staff, but who may have been part of the university at one time in the past and who possibly will again be part of it in the future.

The strains produced by the application of the new tactics in the mild racial climate of San Francisco had already been intense. Was the Bay Area Mississippi, it was asked, that actions had to be taken which destroyed private businesses when there was legal redress for the wrongs that the students believed existed? Few people in public life thought so. Even many liberals were troubled, and during 1963-64, some state legislators and others demanded that the university move against the students who had been arrested in civil-rights actions. President Kerr refused, asserting that what students did off-campus was their business, so long as they did not use campus facilities for it. Here again was the distinction between speech on the one hand and advocacy and organization on the other. On this distinction the President, the Regents, and Chancellor Strong of the Berkeley campus apparently hoped to ride out the hard year

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ahead, while students leaders were attempting to produce the degree of chaos in the surrounding community that they calculated was necessary to achieve fair treatment for Negroes.

When the Chancellor's office passed on to the lesser members of the administrative hierarchy the decision that the strip of land on Bancroft Way outside the concrete posts was now to become subject *de facto* (as it had been *de jure*) to the university ban on advocacy, collection, and organization, the student leaders and their constituencies were already attuned to and experienced in the use of the new tactics. The first rank of the administrative hierarchy to deal with the new regulations, on the other hand, were deans who up till now, one assumes, had been concerned principally with such matters as lock-out rules in female dormitories. Initially the student groups protested the new regulations to these deans. They were immediately able to show that the distinction between "speech" and "advocacy" was difficult or impossible to maintain and ridiculous in an election year; they also showed that traffic could easily flow despite the tables. The administration withdrew somewhat; tables were permitted and advocacy was allowed, but collection and organization were still prohibited. This was unsatisfactory to the students, who resorted to a direct test of whether the administration would enforce the new regulations: they set up their tables and collected money. A number were then directed to appear before a dean on September 29 to discuss these violations. The official account of the Chancellor to the faculty, presented a few weeks later, will suggest something of the quality of the ensuing confrontation:

> At 3 o'clock that afternoon some 300-400 students moved into the second floor of Sproul Hall and Mario Savio announced that all of them acknowledged violating University regulations in the same manner as those students who had been instructed to make appointments with the Dean of Students, and they all wanted similar appointments. The Dean of Men declared that he was then concerned only with observed violations, and if students wanted appointments they could leave their names and he would determine if and when such could be made. He also asked [the students who had been observed in violations] to go in and see a dean because each was involved in a matter of personal discipline, and requested that the crowd disperse, since he had scheduled a meeting of the leaders of the student organizations and their advisers to discuss the problem at 4 o'clock. Savio responded that the group would not leave unless they were guaranteed that the same disciplinary action would be meted out to all there. Unable to make such guarantees, the Dean of Men again asked the group to leave, and later announced that since, in the opinion of the administration and some of the advisers of the student groups who had come to attend the 4:00 meeting, the environment was not conducive to reasonable discussion, the meeting was cancelled. . . . The group remained in Sproul Hall until 2:40 in the morning.

In this way, what had originally been a protest by all the student political groups—from revolutionary socialist to extreme conservative—was transformed very early into a movement run by the civil rights leaders. For as soon as the tactics of the protest "escalated" into questionably legal activities (like sitting-in at Sproul Hall, which was done for the first time on September 29) the right-wingers could not go along. They were still part of the protest movement for a few more days. But they stood aside from further escalations—the surrounding of the campus police car containing an arrested prisoner on October 1, the loose and then the tight sit-in at Sproul Hall that day which prevented the deans from leaving or anyone from entering, the decision to maintain the sit-in around the police car throughout October 2. By that time, it was clear that the leadership of the movement was now coming exclusively from the civil rights and left-wing political groups. But there were too few students directly committed to the left-wing groups to provide the necessary "bodies"—to use the term popular with the civil rights leaders. Only the civil rights groups, and only with the good issues handed to them by administration action, could raise hundreds ready to sit-in.

On October 2, the movement won its first great victory—the withdrawal of the menacing array of police that had been concentrated on the campus, and a meeting with Clark Kerr in which a pact was signed calling for an administration-faculty-student committee to deal with the issue of political activity. At this meeting with President Kerr, the right-wing and religious student groups were still represented. Then the Free Speech Movement, at a marathon two-day meeting, organized itself officially, and from that meeting neither the right-wing nor the religious groups emerged with any positions of leadership. More than that, the Young Democrats and even the right-wing Socialists, who had played an important role in the demonstration around the police car, were excluded. In a pattern similar to other and grander revolutions, the student uprising had moved to the left—into the control of the civil rights leaders identified with direct action, and of the leaders of groups in a direct or indirect line of descent from the Communist and Trotskyist student political groups of the past. As for the followers, they mainly came from students involved in or touched by the civil rights movement.

If the leadership of the student movement was rapidly concentrated into a coherent and tightly knit cadre, sharing very much the same philosophy and outlook, the other elements of the university community were split and in disarray. Let us look first at the "administration." Where in the history

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of American higher education has the administration of a university loomed so large as at Berkeley? In the past, presidents, faculties, and boards of trustees have been important—but *administrations?* This is another sense in which Berkeley may be unique; and yet one fears that the future of American higher education may be foreshadowed here. Everyone—arriving faculty members, arriving deans, visiting authorities—is astonished by the size of the administration at Berkeley, and in the statewide University of California. One large building near the campus is completely devoted to the statewide administration, another on the campus to the Berkeley administration. The title "dean," which at other universities carries dignity, is used at Berkeley to cover a wide variety of jobs, only some of them academic (where the traditional dignity still attaches to the title), but many deans have not come up through the faculty and have little to do with it. They deal with student affairs. For presumably 27,000 students provide a good number of non-academic problems which neither the faculty nor the academic deans would want to be bothered with.

Academic matters are handled by the academic deans and their assistants. The size of these staffs is impressive, and unfortunately—given certain conditions—necessary. Many students move to Berkeley from other campuses of the state university, from state colleges, from junior colleges, from other institutions outside the state. Each institution has its own requirements—for entrance, for graduation, for majors—and the work done elsewhere therefore has to be evaluated and harmonized to the Berkeley requirements. The evaluations are often argued and fought over, and the student is often frustrated in his fight. In the end a bureaucracy is probably the only system by which a vast number of cases can be managed equitably. Yet while the rules may be just, the sense of justice done is rarely communicated by a clerk or an assistant dean's determination. Could we operate with a smaller administration? Very likely. Yet one thinks of such matters as vast numbers of migrating undergraduates to be fitted into the university, and thousands of graduate students, a large proportion of whom are also employees receiving regular checks for research assistantships, teaching assistantships, fellowships. There are also hundreds of new faculty members every year, each of whom has had to be passed on by various committees. There are scores of research institutes, hundreds of research contracts, each involving separate budgets, all to be coordinated. It is difficult to communicate any sense of the scale of the administration at Berkeley. Let me give a personal report: when I arrived in Berkeley after working for the Federal Government, my feeling was that the quality of the two settings—organization piled upon organization, reaching to a mysterious empyrean height—was remarkably similar. I understood from other faculty members that this was rather new, that it was only in recent years that the administration had become so huge.

Ironically, President Kerr, in his Godkin lectures,* has offered the best general text—perhaps the only existing one—on what is happening. The students have been among its most avid readers, and have not shared the admiration of some reviewers of the book who see in the University of California, as described by its President, the democratic university of the future, combining high standards and mass education. President Kerr describes the shift from the liberal arts college offering a humane education, to the early university which trained men in the traditional professions and for scholarship and college teaching, to the modern "federal grant" university, half of whose budget may come from federal research grants.

It would be an error to think of these grants as being devoted only to warmaking and to statecraft. Vast sums flow for social and psychological and policy research, research as useful to a benign welfare state—or, for that matter, a modern authoritarian state—as to a cold-war America. Obviously, however, the federal grant university is not entirely dependent on federal grants. All undergraduate and graduate teaching is covered by state funds, and in many departments—languages, philosophy, history, English, art, and music—little if any part of faculty salaries comes from research grants. Nevertheless, the effect of the federal millions is larger than one would suspect from a direct accounting of where the money goes. The research funds strengthen the university's capacity to compete for faculty, for they allow members to be relieved from teaching and to supplement their regular nine-month salary from a research budget during the summer. These funds also permit the recruitment of greater numbers of graduate students, who normally expect to be supported out of research and teaching assistantships—and even if the latter are covered by state funds, the students are there because federal money will eventually support their own research.

It is easy to conclude that everyone benefits from this except the undergraduate, whose instruction is largely in the hands of teaching assistants. And yet a year ago, when I was spending my first term on the Berkeley campus, I could not find much restiveness or resentment among the undergraduates. Indeed, several told me they preferred Berkeley to the junior colleges and state colleges from which they had come, despite the fact that a layer of graduate students was interposed between them and the professional staff. And they said that the lectures at Berkeley were more stimulating despite the size of the classes. Of course, such undergraduates had moved to Berkeley from schools with smaller classes for other reasons besides the quality of the education, whatever that might be: the life

* *The Uses of the University*, reviewed by Harold Taylor in the December 1964 COMMENTARY.—ED.

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of the campus and the college town around it was undoubtedly a great attraction.

But resentment ran higher, I would judge, among graduate students, many of whom discovered that their professors were just as busy when it came to bothering with them as they were where undergraduates were concerned. Once again the pleasurable environment of learning had escaped them; they were working hard as research assistants and teaching assistants, on other men's research and courses, but they were denied the satisfaction of an intellectual community which brought students and teachers together. Their relations with faculty were too often quite businesslike, the exchanges of services for money. And how could it be otherwise when the professors were burdened with so many governmental, teaching, administrative, and research duties?

Resentment also ran high among the faculty. Many remembered an easier life as junior faculty, on the Berkeley campus or elsewhere. They could not understand why they were always so busy, and found that scholarly labors could best proceed away from the campus. Thus many protected themselves from their students and their colleagues by working at home. But there was another source of resentment for them—the incorporation of Berkeley, which had previously enjoyed a good deal of independence, into the structure of the statewide university, with its eight or nine campuses and its statewide administration, trying to coordinate the varied institutions that had been brought together or were coming into existence as parts of the University of California. Berkeley's incorporation meant that in one matter after another which affected faculty—the shift from semesters to quarters, the setting of standards of admission, the distribution of students among campuses—decisions could be and were taken that were not the decisions the faculty, or individual members of it, wanted.

As a result of these changes, and as a result of the administration's insensitivity to the problems involved, a degree of distance developed between statewide and campus administration, between administration and faculty, between faculty and students, that may well have been unique in American education. The question we must ask, however, before distributing blame is this: given the need or the desire to create an enormous system of statewide university education, how could such a situation have been avoided?

Certainly the faculty, while complaining of the inaccessibility of the administration and its insensitivity to faculty needs, was not very responsive on its own part to student needs. A public meeting some of us ran on the problems of education at Berkeley last year was attended by only a handful of faculty (and not much more than a handful of undergraduates and graduate students). The faculty does not respond enthusiastically to occasional efforts by the administration to get it to consider ways of improving undergraduate education. But at the same time it must be said that faculty members generally censor their impulses to educational reform because they are aware of the many barriers that would have to be vaulted to get the change through. The new faculty member learns rapidly enough that if he devotes himself to his research, his courses, and his pro forma service on committees, he is doing all that is expected of him—and all that any reasonable man, in the prevailing system, would want to undertake.

THE UNIVERSITY administration, then, was both rigid—as we all knew from experience—and fragile—as we discovered in the crisis raised by its attempt to change the *de facto* rules governing student political activity. For in the situation created first by reasonable student demands and secondly by new and radical student tactics, the administration showed itself incapable of consistent, decisive, or effective action. Again and again it was forced to withdraw from positions either because they were poor ones, or poorly argued and defended, or because the higher levels (the President) moved in and changed the positions taken lower down (the Chancellor).

The confusion above, a confusion veiled by silence and inaccessibility, could only increase by geometric progression down below. Asked to enforce policies about whose rationale and stability they were uncertain, the deans could only put up a very poor show, and in the course of the crisis the student leaders—having discovered very early how to break through to the top—treated them with greater and greater insolence and arrogance. Rapidly becoming more expert in the techniques of organization and publicity, these leaders soon added a powerful wing to their original movement—the graduate students. They soon discovered too that there was little to fear in breaking the rules, for the faculty was so unsympathetic to the administration and its rigid and mechanical handling of the problem that, while it would not at first directly support the students and their tactics, it was always ready to attack the administration.

The next casualties were the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellors. As early as October 2 the President, ignoring the advice and actions of the Chancellor's office, had intervened to make a direct pact with the students—which the Chancellor was expected to carry out. More important than the structure of authority which permitted the Chancellor to be overridden was the fact that neither he nor his staff could come up with a leader to handle a political crisis for which a close study of the French and Russian revolutions might well have provided the only suitable training. Certainly there was no one at this level who could influence the students or deal effectively with them. Nor, as it turned out, was there anyone at this level who could deal effectively with the faculty and convince them that the matter was

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being handled intelligently or morally. On at least two important occasions faculty members—including myself—who did not support the tactics of the students felt that the administration had acted against the spirit or the letter of an agreement in trying to discipline student leaders. In both cases it was unclear whether it was the Chancellor, the President, or the Board of Regents—the highest authority—who had ordered the action. But whatever the facts, the Chancellor's authority was weakened by these incidents.

We must now speak in more detail about the role of the faculty. At the start, the faculty for the most part looked upon the conflict between the administration and the students as detached and neutral outsiders. From the beginning, however, groups of faculty members thrust themselves into the situation as mediators. They (or some of them) were distinguished from the great majority of their colleagues by the fact that they had been involved in student politics in the past and remained interested in them in the present. The first such group of mediators (of which I was one) helped to draw up the pact of October 2. But we eventually joined the administration as casualties of the developing crisis. We became casualties, I believe, owing to the critical change in the issues of the conflict that occurred around the beginning of November. This change became apparent in the discussions of the faculty-student-administration committee that had been set up by the October 2 pact. For the first month there had been two fairly straightforward issues: the attempt of the administration to change the status quo, which all the student political groups, left and right, and all interested faculty opposed; and secondly, the student tactics, which some of the student groups and most of the interested faculty opposed, but which everyone agreed should not lead to disciplinary action (on the ground that the original issue which had occasioned the tactics had been a just one). To my mind, these two problems were settled when the administration's representatives on the committee provisionally accepted a much wider range of political advocacy and organization on campus than had been permitted before, and when a second committee (faculty) set up under the October 2 pact called for the lifting of the suspensions that had been pronounced against the students who had violated the old regulations.

Until this point, the interested faculty members and the student FSM leaders had stood together. But now the student leaders and the administration raised a new issue, created by the prospective liberalization of the rules. If the campus was to be opened up for advocacy and organization, what of advocacy and organization that led to illegal actions or was designed to produce illegal actions? This was no abstract question. The administration's insistence on a line between the legal and illegal—a line it had not drawn when no advocacy or organization was permitted on campus—was immediately seen by the students as a threat to actions they were already planning (against the Oakland *Tribune,* various local merchants, etc.) and which in their minds were being held up by the involvement of their forces in the campus dispute. (They were, of course, aware of the large number of potential recruits they had attracted on the basis of the free-speech issue.) The student leaders fully expected further mass arrests as a result of these actions, and they hoped to protect their rear against university discipline.

On this issue of illegal action the faculty-student-administration committee split in November. The student representatives insisted on a specific guarantee that nothing they advocated or organized on campus would lead to any measures by the university against them or their organizations. The administration members insisted on the right to discipline individuals or organizations who advocated or organized illegal action. The faculty group proposed a formula which neither gave the students a specific guarantee of immunity nor the administration a specific ban against illegal action on campus. Under this formula the students would have conducted their demonstrations and sit-ins in all likelihood safe from university interference, for the university's policy of the year before had been not to discipline those arrested for civil rights activities and it seemed improbable that this policy would be changed. If, however, the university decided on a change, the students could have tested in the courts its right to punish them for illegal action advocated or organized on campus—a contingency which, they asserted, would be "against the 1st and 14th amendments" and would constitute "double jeopardy."

This course, which would have permitted the students to turn their attention to what they felt to be such critical substantive problems as discrimination on the Oakland *Tribune,* they rejected. Their movement would not give up the issue provided them by the split on the question of illegal action. Those faculty members like myself who had been sympathetic until this time, but now withdrew their support, were denounced orally and in print as "finks" and stooges of President Kerr (who had become the *bête noir* of the students, his hand seen in every move).

On this issue the students decided to abrogate the pact of October 2 (in which they had agreed to stick to legal action), pronounced (on their own authority) new rules to govern political activity on campus, and began to operate under them. The students now hoped that the Regents would give them what the committee set up under the pact of October 2 had not, but on November 20, the Regents insisted on maintaining the distinction between lawful and unlawful actions. At this point the student leaders split, some arguing for further drastic measures, others urging *de facto* acceptance of the new rules under which they had full

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freedom of action, but were threatened by the possibility of university punishment for illegal action. A new sit-in was staged at Sproul Hall, which involved only 300 students; the administration did not act against it, and it was called off after a few hours.

Then, on November 30, it was learned that the administration (Strong? Kerr? the Regents?) had summoned four student leaders to appear before the Faculty Committee on Student Conduct (advisory to the Chancellor) to hear charges against them stemming from their tussles with the police on October 1 and 2. As a result of this blunder, an issue that was capable of arousing the students—the disciplining of their leaders—was fortuitously tied to one that could not—immunity for advocacy or organization of illegal action. The rest of the story has been covered by the national news media. Once again, on December 2, Joan Baez—no other figure in the United States could better symbolize the tangle of protests, amorphous and specific, that moved the students—sang with them as they occupied Sproul Hall. In the early morning of December 3, a small army of police began carrying out students—about 800 of them. That afternoon, yet another impromptu group of mediating faculty, the department chairmen, met to formulate a compromise which offered full amnesty to the students for the actions of the past two months; they hoped to sell this to the President and the Regents. On December 4, a long threatened strike of teaching assistants was launched, and on Sunday, December 6, the President and the Regents accepted the department chairmen's compromise.

By this time, however, the student leaders had glimpsed the possibility of complete success. For some days a substantial number of liberal faculty members had been preparing a resolution which asserted that political activity on campus should be regulated only as to "time, place, and manner" in order not to interfere with the functioning of the university, and they were rounding up support for its adoption. The great majority of this group had little sympathy for FSM tactics, but they believed its position on the rules was right. In any case, the larger part of the faculty had now become involved, because they had been forced to confront and take a stand on the strike of their teaching assistants. Many were also shocked by the December 3 police action. The FSM hoped that the faculty resolution supporting their position would pass and they joined its drafters in campaigning for it.

On December 7 the compromise negotiated by the department chairmen was presented by Professor Robert Scalopino and President Kerr to the student body and faculty at a large open-air meeting at the Greek theater. The radicalization of the students—thousands of whom had now participated in sit-ins, strikes, and picketing—had proceeded at a frightening pace over the weekend; full victory was now seen as possible, and the compromise was denounced by the student leaders as a "sell-out." It was at this meeting that Mario Savio, head of the FSM, attempted to seize the microphone, and the campus police dragged him away.

Because of their desperate desire to settle things, because of their experience of one administration failure after another, I believe most of the faculty was by now ready to accept any agreement that might lead to peace. The administration—President Kerr and Chancellor Strong—was absent and silent when a thousand members of the Academic Senate met on December 8 and by a huge vote endorsed the resolution of the liberal faculty members mentioned above. This resolution—in addition to backing the view that political activity should be unrestricted except for time, place, and manner—demanded that responsibility for disciplinary measures in the area of political activity should be placed in the hands of the faculty. Having lived through months of non-existent or ineffective leadership and increasing disruption and disorder, the faculty also voted for the election of a strong Emergency Executive Committee to represent it. A few days later, however, as if in recoil from the resolution, the faculty elected a moderate executive committee, the majority of whom had not been identified with the preparation and propagation of the resolution that had been adopted so overwhelmingly.

But what of the issue of illegal political activity itself? Did the seven-to-one vote of the faculty resolve that? I do not believe so. At the December 8 meeting Professor Lewis Feuer proposed an amendment to the main resolution which would have excepted speech or advocacy "directed to immediate acts of force and violence" from the general immunity. In suppport of this amendment, he spoke not of the civil rights movement, which was uppermost in the minds of all the protagonists, but of Mississippi, where such a resolution as had been endorsed by the faculty would deny a university administration the right to move against a chapter of the Ku Klux Klan, and of pre-Nazi Germany, where a similar position in effect prevented university administrations from moving against Nazi students engaged in the destruction of the ground-rules of democratic society. The discussion was intense. Many of those who opposed Feuer were convinced that his amendment raised serious constitutional issues. On the whole it was obvious to those of us who supported his amendment—and had other amendments in mind as well—that the temper of the faculty did not favor any extended consideration of the issues at that time. The students were barred from the meeting, but thousands were outside, and we could hear their roars of approval or disapproval as the debate went on. It was scarcely necessary to be reminded of the terrible power of the student movement, though two professors, both of whom supported the majority resolution, did remind us

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that chaos was at the door. I think there was a good deal of hysteria mixed in with the action of the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate that day. Afterward men who had been friends for years but had taken opposite sides approached each other with hesitation, and felt it necessary to reaffirm their friendship, so deeply had their emotions become involved.

I HOPE IT is now clear why the issue on the Berkeley campus is not simply one of "free speech." The immediate issue is the student demand that the university allow them facilities for full political action and give up its right to discipline them for what it considers improper use of these facilities. If the university is to be equated with the administration, the students have a point. For the administration has the least claim to the power to determine the standards which govern the university. But what of the Regents, who represent the people of the state? What of the faculty? What of the students? Are all incapable of determining what is proper on a university campus? The constitution of the university—the distribution of powers among its various elements—may well be out of joint. At one time the faculty exercised student discipline at Berkeley; on some campuses it is the faculty and students together. Constitutions can be changed. But should the constitution of a university include a grant of immunity to any and all forms of action that go by the name of politics? If it did, the university would abdicate its responsibility to set standards for its students, its faculty, and its staff in one critical area of their life on the campus. We are now in the following ridiculously inconsistent posture at Berkeley: no religious activity of any kind is allowed on the campus and no one challenges that; students can be penalized for infractions of rules involving the consumption of liquor and the like, and no one challenges that; but it is asserted that any political action whatever should be permitted without any step being taken by the university against any person or organization as a result.

It is possible that this huge and on the whole practically oriented university has no basis on which to set any standards. I am not sure we have come to this yet. The students—now backed by most of the faculty—view any assertions of power by the university as designed only to reduce the scope of their self-evidently good and just activity. They do not see that the power to regulate on the basis of standards appropriate to a university also increases the potential scope of their activity and protects them from the civil arm. It is easier to run meetings on the Berkeley campus than on the city streets—even the streets of enlightened cities. The students and their faculty supporters do not agree that this higher degree of freedom, established under the protection of the university's authority, may be organically connected to the university's power to regulate this freedom and prevent its abuse.

How then is the dispute to be finally resolved? One can envisage circumstances that would give us a temporary peace, but it would be a very fragile one. Many of the FSM leaders are also deeply concerned with the academic conduct of the university, the curriculum, the courses, the character of the faculty, the nature of student-faculty relations. It is a concern which many faculty members applaud. But if strikes and sit-ins should be held on the campus to impose student views of how the university should be run academically—and nothing in FSM ideology prevents this—there would be an end to peace once again.

Secondly, one must see these events in the context of the students' desire to protect their university status and privileges while conducting their operations in the community. Will the community in turn, however, respect these rights and privileges if the actions of the Berkeley students maintain their intensity of 1963-64, or if, as the students hope, they increase in intensity? A number of supermarkets against which they directed some of their most powerful efforts, I notice, have closed down. Will the community, which votes hundreds of millions of dollars for the university through the state legislature, remain docile in the face of what they may consider a one-sided bargain?

At a press conference called by a group of faculty members after the mass arrests on December 3, Professor Henry May, chairman of the history department, was asked by newsmen what lay at the bottom of the crisis. He answered thoughtfully that he saw two major issues. One was the inevitable strains and pressure stemming from the attempt to create at Berkeley a mass university that would at the same time be great; the second was the rise of new forms of political action which aroused deep emotions and whose legal status was in doubt. I believe these are the two chief underlying causes of what is happening at Berkeley. We have the answer to neither problem; this is why we must be concerned and disturbed, and why what is happening at Berkeley is more than a local story.

Epilogue, January 6.—On January 1, the Regents suddenly appointed a new Acting Chancellor for the Berkeley campus, Martin Meyerson. He took office at a time when the Emergency Executive Committee of the Academic Senate was performing prodigies in negotiating with and mollifying all parties. With the advice of the Emergency Executive Committee, the new Chancellor issued temporary and minimal "fail-safe" rules (the language of nuclear warfare is common in the controversy) with which to greet the students returning from vacation, and FSM is abiding by them. Meyerson has brought a new atmosphere to the campus, and every day we congratulate each other on an unaccustomed peace.

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DAN JACOBSON

THE PROBLEM OF ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

No doubt the world is entirely an imaginary world, but it is only once removed from the true world.
—Gimpel the Fool

WHAT IS immediately striking about the stories and novels of Isaac Bashevis Singer is the contrast between the formidable barriers to understanding which appear to surround his work and the simplicity and directness of his narrative style. This contrast is of much more than purely literary or formalistic interest: a close look at it can, I think, tell us something not only about the nature of his own achievement, but also about problems which are common to all writers of fiction in a time as culturally confused as our own. His work is instructive, among other reasons, because he has had to face these problems in their most extreme form.

The barriers to understanding referred to above are, in a sense, all the same, all one; but they can be approached or described in different ways. The first is simply the fact that so many of Singer's readers can know his work only in translation—the present writer being one of these. Now while we are all so familiar with the difficulties which translation ordinarily presents as to make the matter hardly seem worth mentioning, there are a couple of considerations which make Singer's case rather a special one. Yiddish, the language from which his work is translated, is visibly—or audibly—disappearing. It is possible that the majority, perhaps, of his readers today still reads his work in the original; but I think one can say pretty certainly that the chances of it surviving, as some of it deserves to, depend entirely upon translation. This in itself places him and the readers of his translations in a curious relationship: the sense of his work as something belonging ultimately to another community, another group of readers, to whom it will always be able to speak directly and without interposition, is one which neither party can have. The other consideration is simply that Yiddish is, as people have often said, a language which doesn't readily lend itself to translation. The reasons why this should be so are best set out in the admirable introduction by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg to what has become the standard anthology of Yiddish fiction, *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*. In that introduction the authors have described the singularity of the society from which the language came; the tension within the structure of the language between its Hebraic and Germanic elements, which can be thought of as both an embodiment of, and a metaphor for, the intertwining of religious and secular elements in East European Jewish life; the peculiar, frankly rhetorical emotionalism of Yiddish, which consorts so strangely with irony, self-depreciation, and scorn. The modes of Yiddish must be more alien to English than those of French or Russian, for example, in exactly the same degree as the society which produced it was so vastly different from any other Europe has known.

That society has ceased to exist: that is the second great barrier to understanding which comes between us and collections of stories like *Gimpel the Fool* or novels like *The Magician of Lublin*. We cannot think of the society existing in a new guise after having undergone a revolutionary transformation, as one is able still to see some of the lineaments of 19th-century England in the England of today. There is no place we can visit, or imagine ourselves visiting, where we can see Singer's people leading anything like the life they lead in his work, or anything organically connected with it. The mass of Jews have abandoned that way of life; those colonies of devoutly Orthodox Jews who still survive do so in corners of cities totally unlike the small towns and villages of 19th-century Poland in which so much of Singer's fiction is set. Everything Singer writes of Europe is a historical reconstruction, having the effect of something willed into existence, either as memorial or parable; it is never a place or a populace we can know for ourselves.

Then, within the context of that no-longer-existing society, Singer has chosen (or rather, in view of the pressure one feels behind his work, one should say that he has been driven) to write about it in its most "backward" and outlandish

DAN JACOBSON is a novelist, critic, and essayist who writes frequently for COMMENTARY. A collection of his short stories, *Beggar My Neighbor* was published recently by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in England. His novels include *The Trap, A Dance in the Sun*, and *The Price of Diamonds*.

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aspect, the aspect in which it would in any case be least recognizable to us. He writes about its religious fervors and ecstasies, its superstitions and demonologies, the workings of its most rigorously repressed impulses to sexuality and cruelty. Even those of his readers who had or have, through their parents or grandparents, some direct link with Jewish life in Eastern Europe must find that the *shtetl* presented to them by Singer in his most characteristic moods is a place they have hardly heard about; to others, I should imagine, it must seem at times like a view of the dark side of the moon.

Finally, the last and perhaps the most insuperable barrier to our understanding is the fact that the society Singer writes about is not merely dead, but was killed; the people who belonged to it were butchered *en masse*. To speak of this as a "barrier to understanding" may seem both weak and cold; but I am sure that most people would admit that within the terror, pity, or anger roused by the thought of the massacre there exists as well an area of sheer numbness and incomprehension, and that this numbness affects deeply their responses to any account of the life that preceded the holocaust. The event throws its black shadow as much over the past as over the time which actually witnessed it.

SINGER'S WAY of dealing with these difficulties appears, on one level, to be very simple. He just ignores them—all. The first paragraph of the first of the stories in his new collection* reads as follows:

> In the town of Lashnik, not far from Lublin, there lived a man and his wife. His name was Chaim Nossen, hers Taibele. They had no children. Not that the marriage was barren; Taibele had borne her husband a son and two daughters, but all of them had died in infancy—one of whooping cough, one of scarlet fever, and one of diphtheria. After that Taibele's womb closed up, and nothing availed: neither prayers, nor spells, nor potions. Grief drove Chaim Nossen to withdraw from the world. He kept apart from his wife, stopped eating meat, and no longer slept at home, but on a bench in the prayer house. Taibele owned a dry-goods store inherited from her parents, and she sat there all day, with a yardstick on her right, a pair of shears on her left, and the Women's Prayer Book in Yiddish in front of her. Chaim Nossen, tall, lean, with black eyes and a wedge of a beard, had always been a morose, silent man even at the best of times. Taibele was small and fair, with blue eyes and a round face. Although punished by the Almighty, she still smiled easily, the dimples playing on her cheeks. She had no one else to cook for now, but she lit the stove or tripod every day and cooked some porridge or soup for herself. She also went on with her knitting—now a pair of stockings, now a vest; or else she would embroider something on canvas. It wasn't in her nature to rail at fate or cling to sorrow.

The effect is startling, precisely because the tone is so much that of a traditional storyteller speaking to an audience who will understand every nuance and inflection of his voice; to whom no reference needs to be explained because everything is familiar; who share with the storyteller a common, continuing culture, with its elaborate structure of beliefs, rituals, loyalties, and habits—among these being a readiness to listen to anyone who has a tale to tell and who sets about doing so without ostentation or self-importance. The almost anonymous, almost tribal, folk element in the narration, as of a voice speaking from a group to the group, has nothing false or forced, nothing artful, self-conscious, or contrived about it; it avoids totally any self-betraying note of reverie or nostalgia. On the contrary, if we find that we can, in 1965, believe in the existence of "the town of Lashnik, not far from Lublin," that we can share Taibele's and Chaim Nossen's disappointment in the failure of their "prayers, spells and potions," and that we can think it plausible that grief should drive Chaim Nossen "to withdraw from the world," it is because we are told about these things as plainly as we are told who Taibele and Chaim Nossen were, what they looked like, the particular diseases their children died of, how Taibele sat at her counter, and the kind of article she made when she knitted.

The story from which this paragraph is taken, "Taibele and Her Demon" is one of the best in what I confess to have found a slightly disappointing collection as a whole; it is indeed one of the best stories Singer has ever written. Readers of COMMENTARY, where the story was originally published, may perhaps remember how poor Taibele is deserted by her husband, who goes on a pilgrimage; how one of the most wretched men in the village, Alchonon, "a wag and a prankster, a man with a screw loose," overhears her telling the story of a woman who is forced to live with a demon, and conceives the idea of presenting himself to her, at night, as the demon she had spoken of; and how he persuades her with oaths, threats, and incantations to let him into her bed. "As the saying goes, may God preserve us from all that we can get accustomed to." Taibele falls in love with her demon, who visits her in the darkness whenever he can.

> Taibele neither probed nor wished to probe too closely. She had long discovered that a devil had all the habits and frailties of a man. [The demon] perspired, sneezed, hiccuped, yawned. Sometimes his breath smelled of onion, sometimes of garlic. His body felt like the body of her husband, bony and hairy, with an Adam's apple and a navel.

Finally, as a result of coming to her in the

*_Short Friday_, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 243 pp., $4.95.

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mid-winter nights, Alchonon falls ill and dies; still unaware that he has been her demon, but moved by an impulse of pity and by her own sense of bereavement now that the demon no longer visits her, she follows the pallbearers who are carrying the corpse to the graveyard. "From then on Taibele remained alone, doubly deserted —by an ascetic and a devil. She aged quickly. Nothing was left to her of the past except a secret that could never be told and would be believed by no one." The story ends with an appeal to the Almighty who guards eternally the secrets of the living and dead.

We all do lip-service to the belief that it is the special duty of fiction to remind us that the burden of society, culture, history, or any other of our grand abstractions is individual or nothing, felt in a particular mind and heart or else not felt, not known, at all. But this reminder cannot take the form of an instruction or moral exhortation; it can come to us only if the writer, by whatever means, makes us know imaginatively the value that the lives of his characters have *to themselves*. Taibele, with her soft heart and simple mind, carries a large social, religious, and moral burden: she is able to carry it to us because the writer has convinced us—through the mode of his narration, the details of her emotional and physical responses, and the development of the moral fable as a whole—that she feels in her own person the full weight of what has been placed upon her. She feels it none the less deeply, we are convinced, for taking so much of it for granted, for being able to articulate so little of it.

Obviously, the style of narration which Singer has adopted here, and the type of moral fable he has written, could be used convincingly nowadays by very few writers; Singer himself uses quite other styles at times. But all his work reveals his extraordinary capacity, in spite of distance, the passage of time, the disappearance of his language, and the massacre of his people, to immerse and saturate himself in the conditions of their life as it appeared to them, while they still lived it, without benefit of hindsight. This is a strength which is indistinguishable from humility; but there is no need for us to underrate it for that reason. In a curious way, the example of Singer suggests that in a period as broken and disparate as the present, it is just those crude, primary elements of fiction which so much of our current criticism disdains—narrative impetus, a direct sensuous response to experience, curiosity about human motives and behavior—that can alone restore the novel and the story to the place they should hold in our imagination.

For Singer's power to make a full social and historical context for his characters within the pages of his work is ultimately quite inseparable from his power to make us see with their eyes and feel with their skins; to make us taste (and enjoy) the food they ate, share their pleasure in fine clothes, ornaments, or occasions for merriment, smell the odors of their homes, *cheders*, and prayer houses, suffer with them their diseases and ailments, and go through with them the many daily rituals which their religion demanded. It is because his grasp of these things is so quick and his absorption in speaking of them is so complete that many of his descriptions of love or lust seem to me more genuinely erotic than the kind of thing one finds in books famous for their "daring" detail; that some of his tales of people possessed by evil spirits carry so disturbing a force; that his accounts of moral struggle and his evocation of the resources of piety (as in the title story of the new volume) are so persuasive and unsentimental. To our surprise, we find that we are more like these vanished people than we had ever guessed; and that their lost world, being so fully human, is, after all, contiguous with the one we already know.

HOWEVER, if Singer's work were only a re-creation of that extinct life of the kind described above, we might respect it greatly but still feel it to be of little relevance to our own moral or cultural state. In the first place, it remains a fact that the world he describes was a closed, devout, ritualistic one, quite unlike any that a reader in English is likely to have to make his way through; ever-widening circles of secularism and fragmentation are what most of us have experienced as we have grown older. Then, it is impossible for us to forget that the people Singer writes about *were* overwhelmed by catastrophe: so far as any of us today possess a common cultural context, it lies partly in our shared consciousness of the frightful historical events in which we are involved. Can any contemporary work which does not involve or at least point toward these current conditions really engage us wholly, without special allowances for it being made or asked for?

Well, I would hesitate to answer that question in any general way, if only because I know of so much writing which makes a great parade of its awareness of our contemporary crises and which fails to engage me at all. But in any case, the question does not really apply to Singer, for the paradoxical fact is that while he has re-created Eastern European Jewish life for its own sake (as he had to, if the task were to be done at all), he has done this also in order to be able to ask repeatedly, incessantly, obsessionally, why it should have suffered destruction. I am not thinking here only of *The Family Moskat*,* his longest and in many ways his most conventional novel, which ends at the outbreak of the Second World War, and in which the leading character, Asa Heshel Bannet—the torn, unhappy, deracin-

*To be reprinted by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the spring of 1965.

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ated descendant of a long line of rabbis—chooses to die in Warsaw rather than to make any attempt to escape from the Nazi terror; he does this less out of a wish to share the martyrdom of his people than as a final confession of his own spiritual and intellectual bankruptcy. The ever-intensifying despair and self-contempt that lead Asa Heshel to his immolation are merely one of the images or processes of evil, darkness, and pain, of spiritual hunger and savagery, of penance, mortification, and solitude which emerge so strongly from the whole body of Singer's work, and which represent on his part, one feels, a continual questioning of, and a speculation about, the catastrophe; a vision of it as both the re-enactment of other, more ancient catastrophes and as the culmination of the impulses to wickedness to be found in every society.

The questioning is conducted throughout, even within the entirely realistic framework of *The Family Moskat,* on what one can only call a religious level. What is the purpose of life? What is the meaning of suffering? Why are people so easily tempted to do evil to one another? Is there a God, and if there is one, what kind of a Being is He, and how can men approach Him?—these are the questions which all Singer's characters are implicitly or explicitly asking of themselves or others, or of God. Such positive answers as we are given are of the most heavily qualified, ironic, tormented sort; yet stories like "Short Friday" and the famous "Gimpel the Fool," as well as *The Slave* among the novels, do present types of saintliness or holiness, do portray moments of religious awe, whose imaginative truthfulness must be acknowledged by even the most stubbornly skeptical reader. And the same is true, as I have said, of some of the stories which suggest that the power of evil, too, is supernatural in origin, the result of the actions of supernatural agents. A successful example of this kind of story in the new collection is "Jachid and Jechidah," which is an extraordinary vision of our own commonplace world as the hell of fallen spirits.

However, I do think that the limitations of Singer's work most often reveal themselves in the brimstone area I have just mentioned. From the interview with Singer recorded by Joel Blocker and Richard Elman* we have the testimony of the writer that he believes—objectively as it were—in the existence of such demonic spirits, and at the same time that he finds, as a writer of fiction, that they "symbolize" for him types of human behavior. The truth of both these statements is plainly vouched for by his work. But readers who do not share his predispositions are entitled to find that the "symbolization" to which he refers is sometimes too easily brought about, too lovingly and lengthily dwelt upon, insufficiently used or explained in any subsequent action, and insufficiently distinguished from other symbols of the same kind in many other stories. I would make this criticism of such tales as "The Fast" or "Cunegunde" in *Short Friday,* as well as several stories in the previous collections, and also of much of the novel dealing with the Sabbatai Zevi delusion, *Satan in Goray.*

It is curious, in fact, that Singer should be one of those rare writers whose seekers, saints, and godly people are often more plausible, less tiresome, than his demons and doers of evil. Perhaps this is because his seekers and saints so often backslide, fall into temptation and surrender to despair, whereas his devils are relatively simple and unassailable substances. But there is something else involved, too. I do not want to make Singer more rationalistic or calculating as a writer than he really is (he is far from being either), or to deny the fascination that is given to much of his work in this genre by its homely, busy manner of trafficking with diabolical spirits; yet I cannot help feeling that to some extent Singer is forced by his own ambitions to import evil, as it were, into a world which cannot really contain it or express it. The evil which obsesses him is far greater than anything his poor peddlers, ambitious rabbis, lecherous widows, grasping merchants, or their apostate sons are capable of committing. Certainly, they could be proud, lustful, gluttonous, lazy, selfish, vengeful, covetous, and indifferent to the sufferings of others, as people invariably are, and as he convincingly shows them to have been. But *they* did not gas children, burn them alive, machine-gun them into pits; they did not lay waste their towns and villages. He cannot forget that these things were done; at the same time, confining himself to so relatively innocent (if only because so utterly powerless) a society, and searching in it for evidence of every kind of human impulse and action, he is compelled into a stridency or insistence that appears out of proportion to any occasion presented by the actual doings of his characters. All those devils and demons, if they were busy at all in Europe, found bigger and more famous places to work in than Zamosc, Tereshpol, or Lashnik, and more powerful people to work with than the inhabitants of those townlets. So, too often, the employment of infernal agents in the stories seems part of a private nightmare or fantasy, sometimes an indulgence in it, rather than features of an achieved, persuasive art, symbols of what we know or should know about ourselves.

At this stage a quotation from a writer as far removed from these matters as it is possible for anyone to be can perhaps be of some help:

M. Albert Réville, whose religious writings are always interesting, says that the conception

*Commentary, November 1963.

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> which cultivated and philosophical Jews now entertain of Christianity and its Founder, is probably destined to become the conception which Christians themselves will entertain. Socinians are fond of saying the same thing about the Socinian conception of Christianity. Now, even if this were true, it would still have been better for a man, during the last eighteen hundred years, to have been a Christian and a member of one of the great Christian communions, than to have been a Jew or a Socinian; because the being in contact with the main stream of human life is of more moment for a man's total spiritual growth, and for his bringing to perfection the gifts committed to him, which is his business on earth, than any speculative opinion which he may hold or think he holds.

The leap from the desperate affairs of Zamosc or Tereshpol to the bland elegance of Matthew Arnold is one I can't help feeling apologetic about, especially as I have no idea who M. Réville was and wouldn't cheerfully undertake to say just what the Socinians believed. And the quotation doesn't reveal Arnold at his most attractive. Even if we avoid the temptation to belabor him with our knowledge of events that have taken place since his death, we can still find distasteful his calm dismissal of so many centuries of living belief as mere "speculative opinion," and the certainty with which he puts forward his own very vague speculative opinion as the true business of men on earth.

Yet, as always with Arnold, his perception is acute, his remarks have an unexpected relevance. In his altogether detached way he is making much more radically a point similar to the one I have just been groping toward: a point which can be applied not only to Singer's work but to that of all the Yiddish writers. Theirs is the literature of a people without power (and all its accompanying evils and guilts), without the possession of land, without statehood or political organization, without the freedom to pursue a wide variety of occupations—the literature of a society that was in many immensely important respects maimed and deprived. Considering how ugly has been so much of "the main stream of human life," one is tempted to say, "All the better for that society for not sharing in it"; but while this may be true morally speaking, culturally and artistically it is not. Perfection of gifts implies fullness of opportunity both for the artist and for the society from which he emerges, and this the Jewish world of Eastern Europe never knew. (There is no need to say any more of the sufferings the deprivation involved in other ways.)

Towns like Zamosc and Tereshpol, while they existed, were corners of the world, only, and we must in the end conclude that they can be used today, even by a writer as gifted and obsessed as Bashevis Singer, only to symbolize or comment upon corners of ours.

But when we look into the pictures that Singer holds up to us, we are compelled to wonder at the energy of physical and moral response, and at the intensities of spiritual doubt and faith, which he reminds us we should still be capable of feeling.

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A COMMENTARY REPORT

COMMUNISM IN ASIA

DONALD S. ZAGORIA

WHAT IS NOW happening in Vietnam may well be only the beginning of a new phase in the cold war, with the theater of operations shifting from Europe to Asia, and with the United States trying to contain Communism there just as it sought to do in Europe in the 1950's. For while Communism has been declining steadily in strength and influence throughout Europe, in Asia it is a vital and growing force. Thus, the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI) has developed over the past decade from an insignificant little group into the largest Communist party in the world outside the bloc; it claims 3 million members and 17 million in front organizations. In what was once Indochina, the Vietminh complex—which includes the Lao Dong party in North Vietnam, the Neo Lao Hak Sat in Laos, and the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam—seems well on its way to attaining power in the entire peninsula despite a heavy investment of American money, advisers, and military equipment. In India, the Communist party has remained through three general elections the major opposition to the ruling Congress party; removed from power in Kerala by the central government in 1959, the Communists came back at the polls in 1960 with a staggering increase in their electoral following and were only prevented from assuming power once again by an anti-Communist electoral coalition of all the other major Kerala parties. Only in Japan, a highly industrialized country, does Communism appear to be on the wane.

The Sino-Soviet conflict has split several of the Asian Communist parties, most seriously in India and Ceylon, but for the most part the Asian Communists have firmly lined up with Peking against both Moscow and the West. There has in fact come into being a new Peking-led Asian Communist coalition—all the parties in southeast Asia, the Korean and Japanese, and sizable portions of the divided Indian and Ceylonese parties—which will loom large for at least the next decade and probably longer.

Perhaps the closest bond uniting this coalition is the objective of eliminating American power and influence from Asia in order to expand Communist power and influence there. This is one of several factors explaining their preference for Peking over Moscow. The Russians have made it clear that Soviet interests require accommodation with the United States and do not include taking risks of war to help the North Vietnamese, North Koreans, and others achieve their goals. The Chinese, by contrast, have made it equally clear that their interests require a continuing struggle against the United States and that the struggle involves supporting "national liberation" wars against pro-Western governments. This common desire to push the U.S. out of Asia could provide the basis for a regional grouping of Asian parties if, as is likely, the efforts of the new Russian leadership to contain the Sino-Soviet dispute should fail.

However, the ease with which Peking has drawn the Asian parties away from Moscow cannot be explained only on strategic grounds, important as these are. The Chinese revolution and Mao personally have enormous prestige throughout Asia, particularly among the Communists. Ever since coming to power in 1949, the Chinese Communists have worked hard at establishing direct links with other Asian parties; Moscow was content with less direct channels of influence. Geographic propinquity, of course, has also played a part; enabling the Chinese Communists to provide decisive military aid to the Vietminh in the early 1950's during their war with the French and then subsequently to the North Koreans during the Korean war. And finally, there is Moscow's ignorance of Asia and its record of sacrificing local Communist interests to its own national purposes.

But the turn of the Asian Communist parties away from Moscow and toward Peking does not mean that the dynamism and vitality of Communism in Asia can be interpreted as the result of a conspiracy directed from Peking. The truth is that the roots of Asian Communism run deep and differ substantially from the roots of Communism in Europe. In examining these roots, two main

DONALD S. ZAGORIA, here making his first appearance in COMMENTARY, is assistant professor of government and a Fellow of the Research Institute in Communist Affairs at Columbia University. He is the author of *The Sino-Soviet Conflict* (1962), and has contributed to *Foreign Affairs* and several other magazines.

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factors must be taken into account. One has to do with historic ethnic and social cleavages; the other with the impact of Western colonialism.

As to the first: few Asian countries are even remotely like the culturally homogeneous national states which now exist in the West. For centuries most have been divided by a bewildering variety of ethnic, religious, linguistic, and other antipathies produced by uneven cultural development.

In India, rivalries between Hindu and Moslem, one Hindu caste and another, states using different languages, north and south, etc. are endemic. In Burma, a civil war still rages because of regional and ethnic hostility on the part of the Kachins, Karens, and other minority groups toward the central government. Malaysia is a country in name only; as the recent disturbances in Singapore showed, there is an uneasy balance between the Malays who represent less than half the population, the Chinese who comprise almost 40 per cent, and the indigenous natives in Sarawak and North Borneo. In Indonesia, historical enmity between the outer islanders and the Javanese has already brought a series of regional rebellions against Jakarta which, although suppressed, are still smoldering. In Indochina, historic rivalries between the primitive, animist hill tribes and the Buddhist lowlanders, and more recently between Catholics and Buddhists, have made it difficult for any central government to consolidate itself. And Ceylon's Sinhalese and Tamil communities are similarly divided by language, race, caste, and religion.

THIS SHORT list could be multiplied ten times over, but it will be clear already that the prospects for national integration in much of Asia, as in most other underdeveloped areas, are rather poor. A complicated cultural history has produced group loyalties which are often based on a unit larger or smaller, but not coincident with, a national state. The instability of the underdeveloped areas—the Congo being the most extreme and dramatic example—stems in large part from the fact that "nations" have been imposed on culturally disparate peoples who do not have the desire or the basis on which to form a unified national state.

In some cases, colonialism exacerbated particularist loyalties by drawing artificial national boundaries. Where colonial rule mitigated these loyalties, the effect was of too short duration to outlast independence. After independence, ambitious politicians began to fan the flames of these age-old feuds. In 1954, speaking at a conference convoked to consider the claims of India's various language groups, Nehru called the depth and vitality of communal passions an "eye-opener" for the nationalists in the Congress party; he spoke of "sixty years of Congress" against centuries of Indian history. The outcome was that Nehru had to acknowledge the claims of Indian language groups to represent cultural units with a flourishing sub-nationalism of their own.

The importance of communalism in Indian politics has probably increased in the past decade. E. M. S. Namboodiripad, one of the most perceptive and prestigious of Indian Communist intellectuals, wrote recently:

> . . . caste and religion, in practice, have a decisive influence in moulding the nation's political life. Political parties and organizations frankly and openly based on certain religious communities such as the Muslim League and the Akali Party, have played a by-no-means-insignificant role in the development of our political life in the post-independence years. . . . Although not so frankly based on religion, the formally "national" and "secular" Jan Sangh (with a constitution which allows even Muslims and Christians to become its members) is, in fact, as fanatically Hindu in outlook as the Muslim League or the Akali Party are Muslim and Sikh respectively.
>
> . . . The acceptance of secularism in principle has not prevented the growth of such trends. As a matter of fact, these trends have been growing in the post-independence years; as one general election follows another, what are called the 'communal parties' succeed in rallying behind them larger and larger sections of voters. . . .

Namboodiripad then proceeded to illustrate the political importance of caste groups within Indian political parties.

> It is well-known that at least a few of the warring groups inside the Congress in every state are based on the caste to which this or that leader belongs. Far more important than this is the fact that almost every political leader invariably takes into account the caste composition of the electorate in a constituency when it selects its candidate. Inevitably, therefore, caste plays a very important role in the formation and reformation of ministries, as well as in the appointment of senior officers in almost every State; the share of each caste in government service, in the awarding of contracts and so on, naturally becomes a serious matter of politics inflaming the passions of millions of people.

Far from being the party of the downtrodden peasantry, much less of a more or less non-existent working class, the Communists in many Asian countries owe a great deal of their success to the fact that they too have exploited such communal cleavages. The Malayan Communist insurrection which began in 1948 and lasted twelve years was supported almost exclusively by overseas Chinese in Malaya who felt they were treated as second-class citizens. As elsewhere in southeast Asia, they were denied the best land, the highest paying jobs, and the political power commensu-

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rate with their status. So bitter was the antipathy between the Chinese and the Malays, indeed, that Chinese support in itself was reason enough for the vast majority of the Malays to oppose Communism. To this day, the Communists find fertile soil for their propaganda and recruitment almost exclusively in the Chinese communities of Malaya and Sarawak, particularly among the disgruntled Chinese youth who cannot find jobs.

In India, as is evident from the comments of Namboodiripad cited above, the Communists have not been unaware of the political importance of communalism. Indeed they have succeeded only by playing on caste, religious, and regional loyalties.* They have in fact been successful in only three of the fourteen Indian states—West Bengal, Andhra, and Kerala. In all three they form the principal opposition to the Congress party; in all three they received 20 or more per cent of the vote in the latest state elections. But this cannot be explained on the basis of poverty or Chinese influence, both of which are spread throughout India. Rather it is to be attributed largely to the fact that the Communists were able in these three states to exploit regional demands for linguistic autonomy and to play on the fears and suspicions of religious and caste groups. In Kerala, for example, where the Communists were voted into power in 1957, and, prior to the recent mass arrests stood a good chance of being voted in again this year, their strength lies not in the poor peasants or poor workers as a group but in the three-and-a-half million low-caste Hindu Ezhavas. The Ezhavas are socially and culturally the most advanced of the low-caste Hindus. A rising, politically militant group, they demand social equality and believe that only the Communists can raise them from their inferior position. There are now many young Ezhava civil servants and even Ezhava landholders, so that their principal demands, like those of the Chinese in Malaya, are as much social as economic. Since the Congress party in Kerala is dominated by the two million Roman Catholics who have no interest in their grievances, they have turned to the Communists en bloc, irrespective of their individual economic situations.

With the Ezhavas as their natural allies and the Roman Catholics as their natural enemies, the Kerala Communists have become increasingly Hindu-oriented. In the 1957 Kerala elections the Communists also received 200,000 votes, or half of the total polled by the Nayars, the wealthiest non-Brahman Hindu caste. The fact that half of the prosperous Nayars voted for the Communists thus reinforces the view that economics is far from decisive in determining the basis of Communist support. The Communists themselves have not been unaware that their main support in Kerala comes from Hindus with grievances against the Catholics and against other non-Hindu groups like the Moslems. In the 1957 elections they went so far as to claim that it was they who could best protect the Hindu religion and culture against the inroads of Christianity and Islam, hoping by this means to attract not only the Ezhavas and Nayars but even such an orthodox and frankly Hindu-communal party as the Jan Sangh.

Apart from championing one communal group against another, the Communists in Andhra, Kerala, and Bengal have also manipulated regional patriotism. In Kerala, they were among the most militant of the early advocates of a separate Malayalam-speaking state; in Andhra, they argued for an independent Telugu-speaking kingdom with the right to secede from the Indian federation, and even titled their newspaper "Greater Andhra"; in Bengal, they fought against the partition of the state when Pakistan was created, and during the 1954 boundary dispute between Bihar and Bengal they were at the forefront of Bengali chauvinism. In sum, nowhere can Communist strength in India be explained purely in terms of class or economics, let alone as the result of subversion sponsored by Peking.

Moreover, it is now clear that the split of the CPI into pro-Moscow and pro-Peking parties also runs along communal lines. The right-wing party supports Indian nationalism while the left-wing Communists—led by Namboodiripad and others of his persuasion—are returning to the regional strategy of the early postwar period on the apparent assumption that they can come to power in a few states but not in New Delhi. Moscow backs the right-wing Communists because its foreign policy requires the continued support of Indian nationalism, while Peking backs the left-wing Communists because its foreign policy requires a Balkanization of India.

In Laos and much of southeast Asia, the cleavages exploited by the Communists are of a different kind from those in India. The strategy is, however, identical—to champion the ancient grievances and suspicions of one particularist group against another. In Laos and South Vietnam, for example, enmities have long divided the hill tribes or montagnards from the Lao and Vietnamese people in the lowlands. The tribesmen—who represent about 40 per cent of the population in Laos, and who, although comprising less than five per cent of the population of South Vietnam, occupy more than 60 per cent of that country's territory—have traditionally been oppressed and held in contempt by the lowlanders. (To this day a respectable Lao is reluctant to admit the existence of tribal blood in his family.)

*For a pioneering and much underrated book on this subject, see Selig S. Harrison's *India: The Most Dangerous Decades*, Princeton University Press (1960), 350 pp., $7.50.

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While the Laotian and South Vietnamese governments have generally treated these tribal groups badly, the Communists from the very beginning sought their support by promising them autonomy. As Bernard Fall has pointed out, one of the first acts of the North Vietnamese government was to set up two "autonomous zones" as showplaces where tribal leaders, with tribal civil servants and a tribal militia, were given at least the appearance of self-rule. The Communists also go to great pains to study the customs of the montagnards. The first Chinese ambassador to Laos, for example, was an expert on the ethnic minorities of that country. In Yünnan, China's southernmost province bordering on southeast Asia, Peking operates an elaborate school to train members of various minority groups in the art of exploiting communal tensions for Communist benefit. One measure of the present payoff in Vietnam of such an approach is the fact that several Communist tribal regiments numbering about 2,500 men each have been appearing in the hill areas of the south since 1961—a fact whose significance seems to have been lost on the American military. And in Laos, two of three vice-chairmen of the Neo Lao Hak Sat (the Communist party there), Sithone Komadam and Phay Dang, are tribal leaders.

In general, however, the Communists are handicapped in their appeals to the montagnards who have tended to be pro-French, pro-American, and anti-Communist because they associate the Communists with their traditional Vietnamese and Laotian enemies. Thus, as in Malaya, communalism can work against the Communists whenever they are too closely identified with a particular group.

Even in Indonesia, where the Communists are extremely powerful, the PKI is a particularist party in both a religious and a regional sense. Rural Javanese society can be divided into three socio-religious groups: the santri who are strict Moslems; the abangan who are only nominally Moslem; and the prijaji or aristocracy with values similar to the abangan. Party loyalties tend to follow socio-religious divisions: the PNI (Nationalists) represent the prijaji, the NU (Moslem) the conservative rural santri, and the PKI (Communist) the abangan. The abangan are a group heavily influenced by pre-Islamic Hindu culture and only marginally affected by Islam; they can be found only on Java and not on the numerous outer islands where Islam took deeper root. The PKI is therefore largely a Javanese party and has traditionally been weak in the outer islands such as the Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, where the politically articulate groups have a modernist Islamic outlook. This is why the Moslem Masjumi was, before it was banned in 1960, the strongest party outside Java.

Moreover, comparative studies of elections in 1955 and 1956—the last two years in which national elections were held in Indonesia—show that there was a polarization of votes between the two major Islamic parties (the NU and the Masjumi) on the one hand, and the two main secularist parties (the Nationalists, or PNI, and the Communists) on the other. The PKI gains in 1956 over 1955 came almost entirely from defections from the other secularist party, the PNI, and the NU similarly gained at the expense of the Masjumi. One vital and as yet unanswerable question about the PKI's recent impressive gains in membership and mass following is whether they were able to overcome this religious barrier.

The intimate connection between Communism and communalism is not restricted to Asia. In a path-breaking book on *The Dynamics of Communism in Eastern Europe*,* R. V. Burks found that certain aggrieved ethnic and cultural groups in that area had a special proclivity toward, and other groups a special proclivity against, Communism. Magyar irredentism in Slovakia, after the Treaty of Trianon, was successfully exploited by the Communists; the Hungarians in Transylvania, completely surrounded by Rumanians, also showed strong affinities to Communism. In general, Burks concluded that "numerically weak ethnic groups produce above-average numbers of Communists, providing these groups have a traditional or an ethnic tie to Russia. Other factors being equal, the weaker the ethnic group, the greater the proclivity." On the other hand, in cases where there had been a strong traditional enmity toward Russia, a weak ethnic group had a lower than average susceptibility to the Communist appeal.

The contemporary scene provides still other examples of a symbiotic relationship between Communism and communalism. Thus, in British Guiana, Cheddi Jagan's crypto-Communist party is supported almost exclusively by East Indians, while the opposition party draws its following from the Negroes. And in Zanzibar the Communists have successfully exploited tensions between the Arabs and the Africans.

What all this tends to suggest is that in many parts of the underdeveloped world, Communism has become an outlet for deep-rooted cultural tensions. It is a new, Western bottle for the old potions of communalism and parochialism. In many of these areas "Communism" has little to do with Marxism, Leninism, or proletarian internationalism and a great deal to do with the intractable problems of nation-building. Perhaps the real question is why so many aggrieved cultural groups turn to the Communists and not to the other political groups.

THE second factor shedding light on the impressive strength of Communism in Asia is the impact on that continent of Western

*Princeton University Press (1961), 244 pp., $5.00.

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colonialism and imperialism. Traditional Asian societies were profoundly disrupted by the changes brought about by the modern West. Almost every Western-style intrusion—including Christianity, science, hygiene, and liberal economics—tended to accelerate social disintegration. The introduction of money and an export economy into pre-capitalist, subsistence societies based on primitive barter and customary law broke down the self-sustaining communal nature of those societies. The establishment of large rubber, coffee, and tea plantations and the demands of an export economy involved large movements of people to new areas where overpopulation, tenancy, and landlessness became commonplace. Often an alien middle class like the overseas Chinese was introduced to act as the middlemen for the Western companies; this alien class of moneylenders, merchants, and landlords inevitably became a focus of resentment. The influence of Western science and rationalist thinking led to a secularization of society, thus weakening what was often the unifying role of religion. Imported consumer goods made handicrafts obsolete, thus upsetting economic equilibrium in the village. France and Britain taught Asian students democratic values and then, by treating them as second-class citizens in their own countries, ensured their alienation. In all these ways, the old order was torn asunder and no new order developed in its place.

Asian intellectuals responded to Western colonialism in an extremely ambivalent manner. On the one hand, they were intensely resentful, making it almost certain that the Asian national revolution, once it came, would be characterized by a more or less violent reaction against the West. On the other hand, many greatly admired the West, its values and its accomplishments, and looked upon it as a fresh breeze, a force which could help transform their own static societies. For the more Westernized intellectuals who typically have led the nationalist and Communist parties, this has meant a fervent wish to industrialize and modernize their countries on the Western model.

THE fruits of colonialism, then—social disintegration and ambivalence toward the West have given Communism a considerable advantage in Asia. Because messianic ideologies tend to arise during times of profound social change which people find painful but do not comprehend (as in Western Europe during the Middle Ages and the breakup of feudalism), the shattering of traditional Asian society by the West provided fertile soil for those who preach the millennium. But it was especially fertile for those who offered a "scientific" and millennial ideology imported from the West and yet capable of being used against it. In Communism, Asian intellectuals found a blueprint for rapid industrialization of their countries in an anti-Western setting. They also found, particularly in Lenin's theory of imperialism, a simplistic but satisfying explanation of national humiliation which could be "scientifically" attributed to Western colonialism. In short, Communism was an ideology which fit in perfectly with the Asian intellectuals' ambivalence toward the West, for it was ideally suited to restore a wounded racial and national dignity. (The way it is being bent to serve that purpose is clearly visible in Communist China today.)

This kind of wounded nationalism is difficult for us to understand because it is not part of our own political development. The American revolution against the British, which is sometimes suggested as a parallel to the revolutions in underdeveloped areas, is misleading precisely because the rebels were Englishmen who did not believe themselves to be, and were not considered, inferior because of race, color, or religion. It is this psychological factor too which explains why economic aid and the improving of material conditions in these countries, while of course desirable, are unlikely by themselves to offset the anti-Westernism on which Asian Communism and nationalism feed. It is not poverty alone or even first which produces the protest; it is the more intangible desire for equality of status and for racial and national dignity and identity. American drills, tractors, fertilizers, and airplanes simply cannot provide these things.

In a rare case study of Asian Communism that attempts to look at the problem of motivation,* Lucian Pye concluded that many of the Malayan Communist defectors whom he interviewed had joined the party out of a desire for equality of status with the West; Marxism-Leninism and a Moscow-led international Communist movement had given them this feeling. Thus, many of them went out of their way to compare themselves favorably with English and American Communists. Several who had become party functionaries indicated with pride that in attaining high position in a world-wide organization they had demonstrated superiority to the rank-and-file members of the British and American parties. One functionary had been pleased because British and American Communists would have to obey his orders. Others had derived satisfaction from the thought that the revolutionary record of the Malayan Communist was superior to that of the British and Americans. These defectors had also delighted in knowing that their activities had caused much concern to Wall Street and the Pentagon; Communism had put them onto the world stage. Finally, their association with the Soviet Union and an international movement had helped diminish

*_Guerrilla Communism in Malaya_, Princeton University Press (1956), 369 pp., $6.95.

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any sense of personal inferiority toward Europe and the West. Unlike countless Western Communists who have broken with Communism because of excessive Soviet control and manipulation, the Malayan ex-Communists not only did not complain about Russian domination but, on the contrary, had lost faith in some cases when they realized that Moscow did not direct the efforts of the party. As one said: "I began to think that if our leaders were really nothing more than a group of part-educated Chinese, how could we hope to defeat the British imperialists."

THIS DESIRE for equality of status with the West also helps explain certain peculiarities in the early history of Asian Communism. First, there was an extraordinary concern with theory and exegesis rather than with power. Second, despite all the attention to theory few theoreticians of importance emerged. Third, the Asian Communists were very reluctant to accept the idea that in the Asian setting it might be necessary to adapt Marxist-Leninist precepts to new conditions. In coming to Communism, they seemed not so much interested in power as in prestige. They evidently did not want any talk of a different road to socialism in Asia because that would introduce a note of discrimination, reminding them that they were members of non-industrial and underdeveloped countries.

Now that Mao has succeeded in capturing Asian Communism so easily from Moscow, however, the anti-Western elements which have always been latent in it—but which were checked by the international nature of the movement—are coming to the fore. Signs of such a development abound. Peking is successfully appealing to racial feelings in Asia and Africa; it insists that its feudal period was more "progressive" than that of Western Europe; the North Koreans reject Soviet Communist versions of Korean history as tendentious and patronizing; the few remaining Marxist cosmopolitan and internationalist-minded Communist intellectuals in Japan have left the Japanese Communist party while the nativist, bureaucratic, semi-educated group with pan-Asian sympathies remains at the helm. The Sino-Soviet split is thus leading to the Asianization of Marxism-Leninism. What is emerging as a result of the process is no longer Marxism or Leninism; it is a syncretic ideology that would be abhorrent to Marx and unrecognizable by Lenin.

It should be noted finally that this deep-seated Asian desire for equality with the West also helps explain why the Chinese are able to make such effective use of anti-colonial and anti-imperialist "front" organizations—the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization, the Afro-Asian Journalists Association, and the Asian affiliates of the International Union of Students and the World Peace Council—as a major vehicle for spreading their influence throughout Asia. In certain Asian countries, the Chinese also have considerable influence in "front" organizations—like Gensuikyo, the Japanese Council Against Hydrogen and Atomic Bombs—that operate only nationally rather than regionally. None of these is a "pure" Communist organization. Their aim is to unite nationalists, socialists, neutralists, and religious and other groups under Communist leadership on a common minimum platform of "anti-imperialism." Via these organizations, the Chinese are trying to ride the crest of anti-Western nationalism under the flag of Afro-Asian solidarity.

As an authentic Asian power, non-white and non-European, poor and underdeveloped, and a former victim of "imperialism," China has a considerable advantage over the Soviet Union in working with these organizations. Moreover, the more militant anti-imperialist line the Chinese preach finds many sympathetic echoes in Africa and Asia—and not only among Communists. When in Indonesia last summer, for example, I talked with the Indonesian co-chairman of the Jakarta affiliate of the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization; he told me that he and many of his non-Communist colleagues throughout Asia understood the Sino-Soviet dispute largely as a dispute over whether "peace" or "anti-imperialism" should get the highest priority. For them, he said, it was an old debate and they had no doubt but that the Chinese were right in assigning greater importance to anti-imperialism.

The roots of Communism in Asia and in the former colonial areas in general, then, run deep, and the problem is not exclusively military or socio-economic, much less a conspiracy directed from Peking. South Vietnam provides a good example. Although the Vietcong does unquestionably get valuable help, training, and assistance from North Vietnam, it is reasonably clear that we are dealing with an indigenous insurrection in the South, and that this, not Northern assistance, is the main trouble. And yet, we continue to hear talk about extending the war to the North, as though an indigenous insurrection could be stopped by attacking its external allies. Given the depth of American ignorance concerning the appeals of Communism in Asia, it is no wonder that U.S. policy has been floundering there.

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J. EDGAR HOOVER—THE COMPLEAT BUREAUCRAT

Joseph Kraft

ROOSEVELT'S first Attorney General, Homer Cummings, once showed up for work on a Sunday without a pass. He was stopped at the gate of the Justice Department by a guard, and there ensued the usual conversation with the usual result: the guard had the last word. "I don't care if you are the Attorney General," he said. "Nobody gets in without a pass. You couldn't get in without a pass even if you were J. Edgar Hoover."

This little episode tells a lot about the importance of Mr. Hoover and the FBI. It has been—in season and out, by friend and foe, from the agency's beginnings down to the latest squabbles with Martin Luther King and the Warren Commission—consistently exaggerated. To critics, Mr. Hoover is the advance guard of the police state. To boosters, he is the modern knight errant. For better or worse, he is made to cast a shadow larger than life.

Scratch a stereotype, however, and you find a model. The stereotype of Hoover as good guy is based on the model of how Russia became the Soviet Union. The stereotype of Hoover as bad guy depends on a model of how Germany passed under the rule of the truncheon. But if anything can be said to be alien to anything else, those experiences are alien to America. Set in his native habitat, Mr. Hoover emerges as a figure of far more ordinary dimensions—less a mover and shaker than a medium; less a source of action than a means. And what is his native habitat? It is the vast, sprawling apparatus of the federal bureaucracy with its untidy lines to the seats of political power in the White House and the Congress. Hoover is in the most literal sense the "G-Man"—the Government Man par excellence. He is the supreme example of the successful civil servant—the compleat bureaucrat.

Hoover's whole life has been spent in the atmosphere of the civil service. His father was a minor government employee. His mother came from a family of Swiss *fonctionnaires*. His elder brother worked in the Steamboat Inspection Service of the Department of Commerce. He grew up, and for many years lived, in the Seward Park section of Washington—a kind of civil-service colony. He was educated at the alma mater of the federal bureaucracy—George Washington Law School. His first job was in that mammoth filing cabinet, the Library of Congress. And the only other place in which he has ever been employed is the Justice Department. One of the very few persons who has worked closely with him, and who was both naïve and candid enough to write an unvarnished account, was struck most of all by the civil-service imprint. Former Attorney General Francis Biddle, in the second volume of his autobiography, speaks of Hoover as "A career man in the truest sense . . . he cares for power and more power; but unlike many men, it is power bent to the purpose of his life's work—the success of the FBI."

BEFORE IT became the FBI, and before Hoover's advent as chief in 1924, the Government Investigating Division was a private hole-in-the-corner goon squad for the Attorney General. Its arts were the arts of snooping, bribery, and blackmail. It acted independently of the rest of the government and without reference to other law enforcement agencies. Its agents were political hacks and con men. One of these, for example, was the notorious Gaston B. Means, an accused (though not convicted) murderer and forger who played some kind of role in most of the sordid scandals of the Harding Administration, including the cover-up of the President's illegitimate daughter by Nan Britton.

Hoover, by professionalizing it, drove this shameful organization out of existence—an accomplishment that virtually everyone acknowledges and honors. At the heart of almost everything the Bureau now does is that monument to bureaucratic endeavor—a central fingerprint file. Through the central files, and the courses of the Police Academy, the FBI maintains the closest relations with other law-enforcement agencies across the country. The agents are well-trained, upstanding men with unmistakable pride in their work, and a record of never having been stained by corruption. Though it has inspired snobbish smiles, their uniform (dark suit, handkerchief in pocket, snap brim fedora) is a badge of respectability. "When a man becomes part of this bureau," Hoover once said, "he must conduct himself, both officially and unofficially, as to eliminate the slightest possibility of criticism as to his conduct or actions." Perhaps alone among the law-enforcement agencies of the nation, the FBI never wantonly or ignorantly tramples on the traditional safeguards against search and seizure, unwarranted arrest, and forced confession. Its one transgression—wiretapping—is at least docketed in the best bureaucratic fashion. Mr. Hoover can cite authority for the wiretapping he does (in a memorandum from President Roosevelt), describe the

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procedure (approval of the Attorney General), and indicate the number of taps (about 75) in progress at any one moment. Finally, given the general, and sometimes idolatrous, popularity of the FBI, it is especially illuminating to compare the agents with the astronauts in the matter of vulgar commercialization. Hoover has simply not allowed it to happen. Indeed, manufacturers who sell products to the FBI are specifically forbidden by contract from advertising the fact..

Not that the Director of the FBI is averse to publicity. As his critics have pointed out ad nauseam, Hoover plays vigorously and with great flair the widely misunderstood (and often wrongly impugned) Washington game of coloring, slanting, leaking, and managing the news. It is typical that the day after the Warren Commission report was released with its criticisms of the FBI's relations to the Secret Service, a section of Hoover's testimony to the Commission (in which he criticized the State Department) was leaked to the press. There seems to be little doubt that Hoover regularly exaggerates both the exploits of the Bureau, and the dangers posed by those it opposes. Whatever the individual malignity of Dillinger, "Baby Face" Nelson, or Ma Baker, it is hard to believe that, in the days of fifteen million unemployed at home and Adolf Hitler abroad, any of these hillbilly criminals was really Public Enemy Number One. Hyperbole, to put it mildly, also marked the Bureau's attitude toward the menace of left-wing subversion after the two world wars. Can anyone seriously agree with Hoover that the protest demonstrations that took place against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco in May 1960 constituted a "successful Communist coup"?

BUT THE real point is not that Hoover sometimes exaggerates; it is that every other bureau in Washington does the same thing. For years, for example, the military services contributed to a very large over-estimation of the Soviet forces in Eastern Europe. Secretary McNamara has an annual field-day in disposing of Air Force claims as to what manned bombers can do, and Secretary Rusk could probably perform a similar job on the Peace Corps' valuation of its impact abroad. Has anyone recently found the Reclamation Bureau balancing its accomplishments against the point that the food surplus perhaps discourages the opening up of new land? How reasonable, in retrospect, were the claims of the FCC as to what ultra-high-frequency stations could do to improve the quality of television? In other words, far from acting in a singular manner in puffing his bureau and building up its services, Hoover simply follows the bureaucratic norm.

In this connection it is worth recalling the evacuation of more than 100,000 Nisei from the West Coast by the U.S. army in the days following Pearl Harbor. That project has been called, by the American Civil Liberties Union, "the worst single wholesale violation of civil rights of American citizens in our history." But at the time it was endorsed by many men notable for their sensitivity to the cause of civil liberties, Earl Warren and Walter Lippmann among them. And who was against it? Perhaps most vigorously of all, J. Edgar Hoover. He denied the existence of subversive activities among the Japanese and, according to Biddle, who was Attorney General then, submitted a memorandum arguing that the demand for evacuation was "based primarily upon public and political pressure rather than upon factual data." No doubt, Hoover's position was influenced by the fact that the evacuation was conducted by another agency—the army—with the implication that the FBI was not capable of keeping tabs on subversive tendencies among the Nisei. But the point is that with a bureaucratic interest at stake, Hoover behaved in a way completely at odds with the image of scare-monger so dear to his liberal critics. On the contrary, in defense of his bureaucratic position, he was a model of zeal for civil liberties.

Similarly with two lacunae in the FBI record that have recently been much remarked upon. There is abundant evidence that the Bureau has not thrown itself heart and soul either into the fight against organized crime or into the fight for civil rights. In dealing with the former problem, the last two administrations have felt the need to set up, outside the Bureau, special investigatory units. "The FBI," one member of these special units has asserted, "is not set up to do battle with the criminal syndicate . . ." Fred Cook, in his recent book on the Bureau,* points out that the FBI has played no part either in bringing to book, or directing attention to the "names of Costello, Adonis, Luciano, Anastasia, Accarde and Genovese."

The reason for this reluctance to cope with organized crime is obscure. But one good possibility lies in the requirements for such work. It would demand the infiltration of agents into million-dollar criminal rings skilled in the ways of buying influence, and with temptations to burn. It would expose the agents, in other words, to the nearly certain danger of corruption. This is not a prospect attractive to a man whose life work has been the building of an incorruptible force. And it is again worth noting that in defending his bureaucratic interests, Mr. Hoover has fallen back on the purest democratic ethos. "Nothing," he told a meeting of police chiefs in 1960, "could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the federal scene."

Equally abundant evidence suggests that until recently the Bureau has been less than keen to

* Fred J. Cook, *The FBI Nobody Knows*, Macmillan, 423 pp., $5.95.

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become involved in civil rights matters. Martin Luther King and others have been complaining about FBI inactivity for years. The Justice Department, when trouble loomed in Mississippi last spring, dispatched a special investigating unit—from outside the FBI. Even after the trouble came to a head in the Philadelphia murders, Hoover was counseling the President to send to Mississippi U.S. marshalls, or marines, or troops, or sailors—anyone, in short, but the FBI.

The reason for Hoover's reluctance to enter the civil rights field is not so obscure as the reason for his reluctance to enter the fight against organized crime. For one thing, civil rights action has tended to bring the FBI into conflict with local forces of law and order throughout the South. More important still, zeal in matters of civil rights has not, at least until recently, been a way to win favor either in the White House or in the power fastnesses of the Congress.

AND THERE lies the true crux of the whole issue. For Hoover, like any good bureaucrat, is extremely sensitive to the wishes of the political powers. Dozens of chairmen of important congressional committees can probably endorse the view once expressed by Parnell Thomas of the House Un-American Activities Committee that "the closest relationship exists between Mr. Hoover and this committee." For like all the great bureaucratic corps within departments—like the armed services in the Defense Department, like the Public Health Service in HEW, like the Reclamation Bureau in Interior, and the Forest Service in Agriculture—the FBI in Justice has formed independent alliances with major congressional figures who preside over its appropriations.

At the same time, Hoover has always tried to cultivate the closest relations with the White House. That explains the flowers sent to Walter Jenkins when he first entered the hospital; and it explains why Hoover immediately began going around Attorney General Kennedy and directly to President Johnson after the assassination in Dallas. The true use to which Hoover puts the great gossipy knowledge that he has of the doings of public officials is described by Francis Biddle:

> I sought to invite his confidence; and before long, lunching alone with me in a room adjoining my office, he began to reciprocate by sharing some of his extraordinary broad knowledge of the intimate details of what my associates in the Cabinet did and said, of their likes and dislikes, their weaknesses and their associations. It was as if he were saying to me that he trusted me enough to know that I would not repeat information which, except to his Chief, it would have been highly indiscreet of him to communicate, and would have been embarrassing had his revelation been communicated to the V.I.P. whom it concerned. Edgar was not above relishing a story derogatory to an occupant of one of the seats of the mighty, particularly if the little great man was pompous or stuffy. And I confess that, within limits, I enjoyed hearing it. His reading of human nature was shrewd, if perhaps colored with the eye of an observer to whom the less admirable aspects of behavior were being constantly revealed.
>
> He knew how to flatter his superior, and had the means of making him comfortable. The Attorney General, when he was traveling, could count on an agent to meet him at the station, to settle him on his plane with an armful of newspapers, to take him in an FBI car wherever he wished to go. But he also showed a friendly thoughtfulness on more than one occasion when it was not called for, and made me feel that our relationship was not without cordiality on both sides.

Occasionally, very occasionally, there are high public officials suspicious and ornery enough by nature to resist such blandishments. The prime case in point is President Johnson. If he has not been looking for a new FBI chief, as *Newsweek* claimed, he has certainly shown a disposition to keep a tight rein on the FBI's activities. He denied Hoover authority over the investigation of the Kennedy assassination. He has kept protection of the President in the hands of the Secret Service. He personally intervened with Hoover to push the FBI into the civil rights field, and to have the Bureau open an office in Mississippi.

Undoubtedly other Presidents, and even Attorney Generals, could have done what President Johnson is doing. But for most of them, resisting the assiduous services of the FBI has seemed not worth the trouble. In fact, almost all of what look like independent acts by the Bureau have been things done for the pleasure of the political leadership. Attorney General Mitchell Palmer wanted the anti-anarchist raids of 1919-20. Homer Cummings deliberately boosted Hoover as a "gangbuster." Can anyone say that Herbert Brownell or Dwight Eisenhower was unhappy when Hoover testified to the effect that the Democrats had ignored his advice in promoting Harry Dexter White to a position of great influence? It was none other than Franklin Roosevelt who gave Hoover the mandate under which he continues to tap wires. And here is Biddle's account of what happened on another occasion when the FBI had been found to be wiretapping, and Hoover went to explain the incident to Roosevelt:

> FDR was delighted; and with one of his great grins, intent on every word, slapped Hoover on the back when he had finished. "By God, Edgar, that's the first time you've been caught with your pants down!" The two men liked and understood each other.

That is the usual attitude of men in power. It is fatuous, in these circumstances, to heap praise and blame on Hoover. One does not become either

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angry or exultant with the queen because it takes the jack. It is the players who count, not the cards.

JOSEPH KRAFT *is a political columnist for the Washington* Star *and Washington correspondent for* Harper's. *His most recent book is* The Grand Design.

* * *

HOW GOOD IS ISRAELI ART?

Hilton Kramer

ARTISTS WHO LIVE in small, developing countries at some distance from the principal centers of artistic innovation confront an insidious dilemma. Their experience is apt to be intense but local, whereas the international styles to which they inevitably aspire derive from social and cultural milieux vastly different from the relatively narrow worlds in which their own sensibilities are most deeply implicated. The result is often a discrepancy between style and its existential sources which, when not patently ludicrous, is always dismaying to the spectator and debilitating to the artist, who has placed himself in the position of practicing a mode of expression at odds with his own habits of observation. Success in the world at large seems directly proportionate to the artist's willingness to alienate his gifts from the specifications of his own experience.

Given the vagaries of the international art audience, it is not at all impossible for such artists to become—for a week, a season, perhaps for several seasons—a conversation piece, and thus a commercial and critical success, in the main cosmopolitan centers. Since the art in question is unlikely to be anything but a pale reflection of styles already well-known—and perhaps even a little stale—in these centers, some extra-artistic interest is clearly required for this success to be complete. In the case of the Spanish and Polish abstractionists who took Paris and New York by storm three or four years ago, it was the sheer fact that art of such unmistakable modernist sophistication had emerged from political regimes whose totalitarian bent had been thought to preclude it, which guaranteed that the art itself would be judged—and acquired—on terms other than its intrinsic aesthetic merit. Artistically, the bulk of the "new" Spanish and Polish art differed not at all from second-rate work produced, and ignored, in the French and American capitals.

Now, apparently, it is to be Israel's turn at this vast gaming table where reputations are made, money exchanged, and an elusive, indefinable "prestige" accrues to the country whose artistic elite wins a place for itself in the international sun. The exhibition called "Art Israel: 26 Painters and Sculptors,"* selected by Dr. William C. Seitz, Curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and brought to this country under the joint auspices of the America-Israel Foundation and the Museum's International Council, is an obvious bid in that direction. Although the exhibition has not been favored with quite the same reception accorded the Spanish and Polish surveys—in New York it has been shown at the Jewish Museum rather than the Museum of Modern Art, even though the latter has brought out Dr. Seitz's catalogue† under its own imprint and otherwise publicized the show as an important event—it effectively establishes contemporary Israeli art as boasting some exceptional talents and, in general, as having kept abreast of most of the principal artistic movements of the 50's and 60's. Given the fund of good will that Israeli cultural achievements normally enjoy among New York critics, patrons, and entrepreneurs, in whose ranks—for reasons no sociologist has yet made clear—Jews figure so prominently, this albeit modest accomplishment may be enough to ensure the success of the bid. The test will come next season when one sees how many Israeli artists are taken up by important dealers.

My own view—as must already be evident—is that it would be a mistake to evaluate this exhibition on such narrow terms, which, when all the niceties of aesthetic flim-flam are stripped away, are simply the terms of the art market and of the critical-museological machinery by means of which values are raised or lowered on its international bourse. There is something at stake in this exhibition—not only for the artists involved, but even, I should say, for the fate of art in the modern world—which is more important than the question of whether or not these twenty-six painters and sculptors have adequately informed themselves on what the international art audience currently favors as an aesthetic diet. There is the question of whether living artists are to be permitted a hand—in certain areas, *the* hand—in creating the new societies which, in Africa and Asia especially, are now emerging from an agrarian, pre-industrial past, or whether they are to be condemned to repeat the role of their fellow artists in the advanced industrialized countries who are allowed to provide only a kind of specialized aesthetic compensation for a privileged—though increasingly large—audience to counteract the grossness and vulgarity of their

*The exhibition, on view at the Jewish Museum in New York from December 9 to January 24, will be shown in museums in the following cities during 1965-66: Toledo, Cincinnati, Waltham (Brandeis), Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland, Oregon.

†*Art Israel: 26 Painters and Sculptors,* by William C. Seitz, published by the Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Doubleday and Company, 88 pages, hardbound $5.95, paperbound $2.50.

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own societies. (And indeed, the vogue of "Pop Art" in the advanced capitals of the West may be taken as a warning that the fragile boundary separating this aesthetic compensation from the vulgarity that occasions it is already disappearing.)

If this question seems an impossibly weighty one with which to tax the painters and sculptors of Israel, many of whom have endured unbelievable hardships to preserve their own sense of artistic vocation, I can only say that it was in Israel itself, in the course of a very brief visit in early 1962, that I heard the question raised with the greatest passion. Reading the statement of Itzhak Danziger—in my view, the most gifted sculptor Israel has yet produced—which Dr. Seitz reproduces in his catalogue, I am reminded of the eloquence and conviction with which this artist spoke of his own concept of the role his art might play in the building of his country. "A sculpture," Danziger writes, "should not be an 'exhibition piece' for a museum, as it still is in Europe—a result of an epigonic, highly refined tradition which has existed for hundreds of years in art. It should be active and its function multiple—it should unify or divide space, form a part of the landscape, indicate direction. . . . It should be alive in an ambiance—in perpetual rapport with its given surroundings. The inspiration of a sculpture should come from a sense of rootedness in the land, the landscape, and the nation—from thorough knowledge of the topography, the geography, the national values of the land and its people." And further: "It is logical that a sculpture is not an isolated aesthetic term. It is part of a landscape, of a city, of a garden—which are in themselves sculptured spaces and planned sculptures. It is, perhaps, an attempt to give form to a new sociology and ideology of a better life—as the cathedral was in the past."

Another Israeli sculptor—Shamai Haber, who, like Danziger, is actively collaborating with town-planners in the design of new communities of the Negev—speaks in similar fashion of his disenchantment with "sculpture of dimensions limited by gallery and exhibition conditions." Even an artist of the older generation like Yeheskiel Streichman, whose abstract impressionist paintings are in the tradition of Monet's *Nymphéas,* cheerfully acknowledges that "easel painting, as it is now, may disappear in the near future," and says of his own role: "I feel that I am an integral part in the rebuilding of Israel—not unlike a construction worker." And one of the youngest artists in the exhibition, the painter-sculptor Yigael Tumarkin, speaks similarly of his passion to "build" rather than contribute to the "decorative" traditions which, in Israel as elsewhere, he sees as the very opposite of "creative art."

Yet between the idealism of these utterances and the exhibition which Dr. Seitz has organized for the American museum circuit, the dilemma I have spoken of obtrudes with annihilating force. We are simply in the presence of another international exposition, with its stylish and anonymous air. The painting is mainly Paris-oriented, but with some conspicuous American twists. The sculpture occupies an accomplished but altogether safe middle-ground between the respectable modernism of English sculpture of the 50's and the more audacious ideas of American scuplture in the same period. There are, to be sure, some outstanding works—particularly the paintings of Yosef Zaritsky, now in his seventies and important on the Israeli scene as a teacher as well as a painter, who practices a mode of lyrical abstraction recalling that of Philip Guston and Hyde Solomon in America. And, except for the vulgarities of Moshe Castel, there is nothing really bad in the entire exhibition. As a practiced hand in mounting stylish exhibitions, Dr. Seitz has kept the entire affair consistently bright, lively, and *à la mode.*

THE LOSS which this overriding stylishness entails will be evident only to those who know something of the idealism that troubles the artistic conscience of some of the better artists in the exhibition or who read with particular care the statements I have cited. Danziger, for example, is represented by a work in bronze, *Negev Sheep* (1964), which is nothing if not a conventional "exhibition piece" and which, appropriately enough, has already found its way into the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection. One could not guess from this work, which is more or less in the semi-abstract vein of the English sculptor Kenneth Armitage, that his real gift is for non-figurative public sculpture on a monumental scale and that he has already realized two relatively modest but altogether brilliant works in this genre: an outdoor stone "mural" for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem (1956) and an open-form steel construction, the Holon Liberation Memorial (1961), for a community hall in a housing development in Tel Aviv. But work of this sort cannot, of course, be launched on the international circuit. Physically, it is impossible to dislodge and ship abroad; and spiritually, too, it looks inward, toward its own milieu, rather than to the salable Esperanto of the exhibition world.

The dilemma of an artist in Danziger's position—and I take him to be representative of an idealism that transcends his own accomplishment—is all the more exacerbated by the rather dim artistic policies adopted by the peculiar alliance of public and private interests that is now determining Israel's cultural future. Three years ago one could already see the most potentially beautiful areas of Tel Aviv's seafront being swiftly converted into luxury hotels for the tourist industry while at the same time the

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move was on to develop a gallery and museum network sufficiently professional and sophisticated to satisfy the tastes—and attract the investment—of the expected visitors. The art life of Tel Aviv was already being internationalized—in the commercial as well as the artistic sense—before it had an opportunity to connect with, and affect, the texture of life in its own community. Artists still intent upon giving form in their work "to a new sociology and ideology of a better life" spoke only of the Negev as a place where it might yet be possible to realize their vision. Tel Aviv had already been taken over by speculators in tourism and instant international prestige.

Walking through the rooms of the "Art Israel" exhibition at the Jewish Museum and thinking back on my own brief but memorable encounter with the Israeli art scene, I was reminded of an episode in the life of an artist in many ways far removed from either. In his recent biography of Diego Rivera, Bertram D. Wolfe gives a vivid account of the Mexican painter's fateful meetings with the French art historian Elie Faure in Paris at the end of the First World War. Rivera had been very much a part of the reigning Cubist circle at that time but was beginning to suffer severe doubts about his future work. At that crucial moment Faure opened up to him the vision of an art utterly remote from the *raffiné* easel painting of the School of Paris. "From the lips of Elie Faure," Wolfe writes, "Diego heard a poet's version of the theory that an artist is the product and expression of his time, his people, his geological surroundings, a sort of Marxism diluted with Taine, or perhaps more Taine tempered with a gentle poetic socialism." Faure directed Rivera to the frescoes of the Italian masters, and ultimately to that amalgam of painting, building, and social revolution which became the hallmark of the Mexican mural movement.

At the risk of invoking parallels where they do not exist, I am nonetheless convinced that the really great tasks which await the artists of Israel will be in an expressive realm that, however much it may differ stylistically and politically from the Mexicans', will be motivated by a comparable attempt at social and aesthetic synthesis. The most thoughtful Israeli artists of my acquaintance are deeply conscious of the void that separates a show like "Art Israel," with its myriad "exhibition pieces" of greater or lesser merit, and the aesthetic needs of their own social environment. Given the opportunity to address their talents to these needs, they could very well render this exhibition an unimportant footnote to their own history. But as things stand now, I am afraid the show may be a harbinger of giddier things to come.

HILTON KRAMER, *formerly the editor of* Arts, *is currently on the staff of the* New Leader.

MY FRIEND FUENTES

Keith Botsford

WE WERE BORN within two months of each other, the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes and I, but that cannot possibly explain why we understand each other with such facility. Of course proximity over a year assisted a natural affinity. I should make it plain I am speaking about a friend. Our differences—for instance his greater romanticism—I ascribe to an accident of birth: I was born into the Metropolis and he into the Province, and here is where our ways part, naturally, like a river flowing into two channels.

Everything that is right about his recent book—*The Death of Artemio Cruz**—is right because of this difference, because as a Mexican it is possible for him to capture adventures and insights that are purely his own, born of his own problems and of his own context. And what is wrong is wrong for the same reason, which is why, as much as the paradoxes of Fuentes the friend intrigue me, the paradoxes of *Artemio Cruz* the novel disturb me.

Artemio Cruz is a very personal and very ambitious novel from a man whose natural means of expression is the novel. And how rare that is! There are times when we of the Metropolis—of New York, London, or Paris—self-conscious about the Novel and the fate facing it, might envy Fuentes's faith in and fascination with this peculiar form. In his mind, I suspect, the novel is a superior sort of film in which the insides and outsides of a question may be debated in dramatic terms, a continuous strip of images of all kinds and rhythms. And manipulating these like a highly professional director (his instinct is not at all that of the "art circuit"), his feeling for the form shines through the best pages of this book.

If only he had paid no attention to our *crises de conscience!* If only he could have stuck with Billy Wilder and Renoir and Fellini and left Resnais and Bergman to stew in their murky plots! But no: Fuentes has done his best, for what I consider the wrong reasons, to make an unnatural novel, to go against his instincts and far out into the world of "art" (in the wrong—that is, the French—sense).

But before I come to the reasons, what sort of man is Artemio and what sort of novel is *The Death of Artemio Cruz*? It is a novel about death. Had it been done simply, it would have linked up with Tolstoy's *Ivan Ilych*, or Louis Guilloux's *Compagnons* as a study of the meaning given to life by the simple fact of mortality. But such simplicity would have been too simple for Fuentes.

Artemio Cruz's *life* has been a "revolutionary" life; however, revolution is only an action, a moment in time, not a life. No one remains consistently a revolutionary, and Artemio Cruz, true to what remains of the Revolution in Mexico

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* Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 306 pp., $4.95.

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has, like so many others, used the Revolution for his own ends, for power. He has corrupted his original virtue: revolutions, like life, face mortality. He began his life as a revolutionary by nature and ends a rebel by circumstance. What made him a revolutionary—his society—turns him at the end into a rebel against the death that threatens to deprive him of life.

As have most Mexicans, Artemio has known death all his life; unlike them, he does not seem to accept it for himself—perhaps because when the time comes, as it has come for him, he is not sure of having lived at all. The act of making sure of that one fact, of his life, occupies most of the novel. It has not been easy to be Artemio, and was it worth the struggle? Examining the various strands of his life—principally what passes for politics, in a country that has none, and for love, in a man who does not understand it—Artemio fastens on those crises in his story which represent moral turning points.

So FAR so good. We are in solid territory. This kind of ideograph of a man Fuentes has written before, and well. We expect it to develop within his craftsman's world of sense and sound and smell. But instead, Form begins to intrude. Artemio's story is related in different times and different voices, like that art film in which the camera can be anyone, anytime, anywhere, and the accent is self-consciously directed, at the expense of meaning and interest, upon all the novelty we are meant to be experiencing. The entry of Form parallels the decline of the Revolution: its becoming a structure—organizing, creating, institutionalizing—is the death of its spirit.

But the problem is more complex. It is not merely the times and voices that shift but even Artemio's attitudes toward the history he has lived through. The Revolution and the Mexico that survived it is, for all appearance to the contrary, in flux. Everyone knows what the Revolution is: it is what one makes of it. Desire and Fulfillment are reflections of Will (Fuentes's interest in Nietzsche) and what changes is not the backdrop of the action, but Artemio's intentions: his projection of himself onto a country where all is possible, as long as power is the means. Fuentes's version of the Mexican Revolution is that it is entirely corrupted, because, to a large measure, it has succeeded, and you cannot keep a successful revolution *revolutionary*: what Fuentes wants is not so much the results as the spirit of revolution. Again, he meets us in America half-way; he is like the prophet in the wilderness asking: Where are the ideals for which we fought?

Nearly every man's past contains a revolution. The difference between most men and Artemio is that Artemio was able to link his revolution to collective action—another great need for a younger man like Fuentes, who for all his "politics," remains as isolated as the purest aesthete.

ALL THIS Fuentes illustrates with a triple narrative, with distortions of time, etc. Why? Was it necessary?

Artemio's development from a terrified Porfirian-era childhood through the Revolution to *cacique*-hood is quite clear. It is made almost earnestly clear by Artemio's constant passing of moral judgment on himself. Therefore, all those parts that deal with memory, with life, are clear; it is about death that Fuentes has little to say. The question has been posed: did Artemio really live? And the answer is, probably not.

I have space to cite only one of the automatic responses with which Artemio dodges the issue. I don't think I'm being unfair, since Fuentes insists on it so much himself. As a man, Artemio has not made much contact with other human beings. This novel is so much his book not only because he relates the story, but because he is alone in the profoundest sense; he is not merely the only protagonist, he is also alone within himself. For Artemio is the portrait of the Mexican *macho*—the he-man and narcissist, deflowerer of womanhood, tamer of bulls, wild horses, and all that. Today that *macho* is an utter fake. Money is the only object of his desire; politics and power its sublimation. For those without a hope of either money or power, there is still the image of the *macho*. Like all *soi-disant* Latin virility, it is a blend of impotent talk, childish rage, pasted-on moustaches, and an atrocious ignorance about women. The modern *macho* is more concerned with his deodorants and brilliantine than with sex.

Fuentes tells me it was not always so, that there were once men abroad in the land. I find it hard to believe, and Artemio Cruz shows he, too, finds it hard to believe. So much of his life seems empty, horny, and sham that at the end he faces becoming nothing *as* nothing. The women in his life are mere objects. They are characterized by their attributes. Love, according to Fuentes in this book, is something explicit, associated with youth (Oh, that fatal, insulting cult of youth!), moisture, and a kind of female specific gravity; one makes love as though indulging in soil analysis, aware that there are splendid possibilities in it for growth, but like the city-dweller, scornful of what cannot be expressed in chemical terms. The exact contrary is true, of course. Love is implicit, hidden, complex, a house divided. Hair, breasts, armpits are no more extraordinary or extravagant in women than in men: everything depends on how much is seen and from what point of view. Artemio never touches a *woman*, and thus a good third of the book is lost, for me, somewhere between puberty and a boy's first experience.

The fact is curiously significant, because so much of this kind of literature depends on an inverted romanticism, a refusal of contemporary reality. And considering the very explicit political *engagement* of Fuentes and so many of his generation, particularly in the Spanish-speaking world,

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it is startling how few of their books reflect any hard truths about their societies. In this sense *Artemio Cruz* is a classic novel of *Bürgertumsschmerz,* of revolt (or elemental disgust) with the bourgeoisie. What Fuentes hates in *Artemio Cruz* is his forgetting—the fact that he lost that most precious possession, the Revolution and Romance. And it is this feeling in Fuentes that leads to the ambiguity in his approach to the novel.

Take, for instance, another device in the novel: that of the tape-recorder that sets down Artemio's words as he betrays the Revolution he helped create. The best that can be said of this device is that it occupies little space. It resembles the Author himself, liberal credentials in hand, who assembles a collage of incidents contemporary to the writing of his book. The incidents are both unrealized and irrelevant. They are part of the persona of Fuentes, like hypochondria and a love of the films of the 30's, part of an arbitrary and provincial politics, and I think he deserves to have his knuckles rapped for inserting them.

FUENTES WAS RECENTLY in New York (over Mr. Tommy Mann's dead body) for five days and *Time,* bowing to celebrity, invited Fuentes to lunch. Having heard him out, it then branded (for these very excrescences that I have just criticized) the whole novel as "Marxist." That they should so misread is not uncommon, but in this case they are not alone responsible for the error; Fuentes asks to be taken at that level. Had I to make a snap definition of Fuentes and be faintly malicious at the expense of a friend (he has too much self-irony to be offended), I would call him the Very Model of a Modern Major Novelist. He meets all the tests. He is exotic, erotic, experimental, and avidly plays the literary lion. From Formentor to the Halls of Montezuma, he relishes being Peck's Bad Boy.

There is nothing inherently wrong in this, but it is both dangerous and a waste of talent. It is distracting. One takes a risk playing the game the way They (*Time* people) play it: on the basis of a role, by letting oneself be waylaid by one's public image from the great and difficult task of finding out who one is and why, and how one is going to state this in a form that is both one's own and susceptible of being understood by the general public. The Game should be left to those who have no choice but to live that way. The great pity is that the essential seriousness of the man is lost, and that his deep personal preoccupations are often concealed in his writing, though not in his conversation, from himself.

Fuentes is not a political figure but a political man. There is a world of difference, which no one recognizes better than he. The first has a public attitude. He acts, and the more he acts, the more circumscribed he becomes: his audience demands consistency. The other is an expression of constant change. Fuentes is the kind of "Marxist" engendered by *l'Esprit du Temps* (and in spite of the evidence which I think he is too intelligent to ignore for long, by the bankruptcy of all dogmatic ideology).Fuentes's kind of Marxism fulfills an inner necessity: to be connected, to hear the rush of history in the inner ear, as others hear the roar of the sea in a shell. It is, fundamentally, an imaginative, or even a literary attitude. He finds in his special literary heroes, such as Fidel Castro or Carpentier's Victor Hugues, only what he admires most: completeness and inner consistency. In this admiration is implied criticism of what we, cast in more sophisticated molds, are not: whole and true-to-ourselves to the bitter end. Like many intellectuals of his generation, Fuentes would like to do away with doubt, hesitation, and personal skepticism. His consistent search has been for a moral certainty, and as is usual in searches for a purer life, much of the impetus is negative, abnegatory, ascetic, guilty, and indignant.

How fine it would be if Fuentes were that kind of writer! But he is not: he loves what he is not himself, and writes about what he is not because he still considers writing an act apart from himself, something one *does,* rather than *is.* But the writing of novels is a private necessity and not a public performance. A realistic political novel is just as much imagined as a fantastic one, and a moralist on paper can be a sybarite in life—witness Tolstoy. The problem is not, as *Time* thinks, the "Leftist" Fuentes who writes novels defaced by Marxism; it is Fuentes the novelist who transfers the imagined politics of his novels to the real world.

The real Fuentes is so much more complex. He is too sophisticated to play the kind of role that the Left would like to force on him, but he is also too rational, and perhaps too ambitious, not to take advantage of it; balanced, hesistating, and scrupulous, he is certainly too self-aware to let others create his parts, but he is also impulsive and desirous enough to want to be both in and out. His decision, finally, has to be taken on the basis of what he knows best, and he knows far more of Art than of Revolution. *The Death of Artemio Cruz* is a battleground for these conflicting feelings, in which, I fear, the novel is the loser.

IN A RECENT essay in the *New York Review of Books,* Frank Kermode makes a point about "provincial" art: that it is traditionless and hence fancy free, the results not always gratifying. This is applicable to all of Latin American art; being provincial it is arbitrary: growing from nothing, and often under adverse conditions, it has the world to select from and little that is properly its own; in the absence of tradition lies the danger of the arbitrary. The Province is more than usually subject to fashion, to living that frivolous form of experimentation that is so specially Parisian, taking up alternately—as its former Bible, *l'Express,*

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demanded—Alain Resnais, Jean-Paul Sartre, or Thomas Buchanan. The Province has brief and fruitless love affairs with every new twist and turn in the outer world and remains buried in its isolation—for what does the Boulevard Montparnasse have in common with the *paramo*, the cold, hard, dry and Indian uplands of Mexico?

Consider only the matter of style. Latin America is forming a style of its own. Whether explosive or elaborately symbolic, it is made up of irony, of parody and pun, rotundity and rhetoric; it often seeks in metaphor what it cannot say directly (characteristic of a prison literature). Either way, the new literature is a form of romantic protest against the deficiencies of reality. In a Carpentier, a Borges, or a Cortazar such a style is a natural expression of temperament. But Fuentes belongs to a different generation. He is not a poet, not a *vates*, but a literate young man who can write competently (and incompetently, when Mexico's version of *Time*-like vulgarity, *Siempre!* demands it). He has an opinion about everything and has to have one: as the Very Model of a Major Novelist he is on constant call. That too, is part of a "provincial" situation: the Metropolis tends to ask less, and ultimately demand more.

One could say that the reason for the random and diverse technique in *Artemio Cruz* is that the experimentation is not truly Fuentes's own, but part of a foreign tradition that he has only partly assimilated and not yet adapted to its materials. One can also concede that Fuentes is an eclectic writer, and that it is the better part of honesty for him to exploit the innate catholicity of his mind. Still my objections would hold. They stem from a *parti pris* that the novel is very much one thing: a variety of experience collected under a single view, a world ordered precisely because it has been seen in such-and-such a way and no other. This unity is what I do not see in *Artemio Cruz*. The explosion of linguistic energy that drives its style should provide that unity: experimental writing is either unstoppable, necessary, and truly revolutionary (in the sense of changing language itself or the idea we have of literature) or it does not really exist. Linguistic violence is a way of having a revolution cheaply, but it is still a commitment. In *Artemio Cruz*, however, the sophistication of the intelligence, the rationalism of the ironies, are at variance with the language: the final effect is of a kind of falsity.

I have perhaps been excessively harsh: a mark of respect. The truth is that we are all bedeviled by some of the same basic insecurities and provincialism from which Fuentes suffers. The novel is one thing, but it is about and in and from many things. One of the harder lessons for a novelist is that complexity of form and complexity of thought are two distinct aspects of literature. We begin fearing that we have not enough to say. From this, we deduce that the major part of what we *can* say, we should say in the form: it is far easier to master.

But this does not free us of our difficulties. Even if we reach the point where we both have something to say and a way of our own to say it, we still do not know whether there is anyone "out there" to listen. It can be debated whether this is worse for those of us who write in the United States, where everyone should be able to read us but doesn't, or in Fuentes's Mexico, where very few can and even fewer do. But the result, all over the world, is the same. Bit by bit, the writer raises his voice: he wants to be, he *must* be, heard. The sound of chatter is abroad in the world, sounding brass. Against this, his voice rises to a scream: to draw attention to himself, the writer espouses alien doctrines, founds cults, pursues "originality." In time, he loses himself and has forgotten what he wanted to say; yet the scream stays on his lips. Thus the search for notoriety consumes his talents, and a thus-spoiled child seldom grows into an upright man, for this too is playing "their" game.

However, it is people like Fuentes, struggling with the Province, but *not* giving it up for Paris—because their material is at home, however suffocating home is—who eventually link the Province and the Metropolis. For having done this for me while I was in Mexico, I shall remain ever grateful to Fuentes, and I know few who better deserve, or deserve better of, the revolutionary moral they have set themselves, or are more likely once it has been achieved and they can lay down their arms—which are a burden and a distraction to them—to live with it graciously and generously.

KEITH BOTSFORD'S *novel,* The March-Man, *was published last year by Viking. He is now living in England after spending the past few years in Latin America.*

* * *

THE DEMAGOGY OF LE ROI JONES

George Dennison

IN THE RELATIONS between Negroes and whites two kinds of questions are always coming up, one concerning feelings and the other policies. Even where enlightened racial policies serve to clear the air there is still the problem of desperately over-determined feelings, so that the difficulty remains of how to get through them and come into closer contact. The most hopeful example that I have seen is to be found in the experience of the radical groups associated with the civil rights movement, notably SNCC and CORE. Their action projects have arisen within the context of civil rights, but their underlying policies are not racial policies at all. On the contrary, these groups tend to take it for granted that what is politically true for blacks is politically true for whites, and that the thing

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under question is human nature and the fulfillment of individuals. The largeness of these aims has had the effect of building a generous hedge of reason to which all parties have agreed—and the expression of unmanageable emotions has tended to be freer and less damaging than when there is no hedge at all or when emotions themselves threaten to become policies. The radical whites and blacks, even in the thick of action, have been able to curse and insult each other, make it up, and go on working, almost always in closer touch than if there had been no explosion. Their experience might be contrasted with that of the liberals, black and white, who confront each other with settled attitudes and with an enervating, deeply hidden sense of guilt. The contrast is more glaring still if we think of groups like the Black Muslims and the Klan, who have elevated certain feelings to the level of policy.

I HAVE CITED this experience as a touchstone for the propaganda presently on the stage at the St. Marks Theater in New York. LeRoi Jones, in his two new plays, *The Toilet* and *The Slave*, but especially in the latter, has raised a lot of questions and has answered them all in terms of race. Like every demagogue, he speaks to the private and fragmentary wishes of individuals, and like every demagogue he assures the fragmentary person that he is in reality a thundering herd. His *taking of a position* is analogous to the Stalinist maneuvering of the 30's, and in fact he has been quoted as saying, "My ideas revolve around the rotting and destruction of America, so I can't really expect anyone who is part of that to accept my ideas"—as if he himself stood outside history. I would like to identify these plays, especially *The Slave*, as part of the rot of America, particularly the racist rot that flickers back and forth, north and south, east and west.

I myself found *The Slave* something more than offensive. And it has been interesting to see that in the many arguments I have encountered since the play, Jones's proponents have raised only the one question: where do you stand on race?—as if I had heard only an angry Negro speaking from the stage. I fancied that I heard an opportunistic playwright exploiting my own dilemmas for the sake of his career. The truth is that Jones drags in race by the ears. His critique is standard liberalism turned inside-out, and his dramatic *matter* is nothing but another peeling from the professional onion currently shared by the downtown entrepreneurs. Onion: topicality. Peeling: make an overriding metaphor on the stage, use clichés as you find them. Where Jones is alive is in his language, the expressive monologues, for instance of the Negro revolutionary of *The Slave*. He has yet to write a two-way conversation. But this is just to say that the grinding of an ax is nothing but the avoidance of confrontation.

Jones takes a position. The proponents of his maneuvering fall into three groups: first the angry young Negroes who say, "The whites have it coming to them," and who add, quoting Jones, "We have to establish a canon of Negro values"; second, the white liberals who say, "We deserve this vilification for our sins. Perhaps it will cleanse us, and certainly it will clear the air"; and third, the fashionable know-nothings, whom, if I may be excused, I would rather not discuss. Suffice it to say that there is little in these plays that it not avant-sensationalism, just as there is little in certain apartments that is not avant-kitsch.

The Toilet is the men's toilet of a New York high school. We see a crowd of young Negroes horsing around, insulting each other, bragging, punching a white homosexual, and ultimately giving a severe beating to another white homosexual. The plot is factitious in the style of O. Henry, the beatings mean nothing, the dénouement means nothing, everyone is lively, the phrasing is good. . . . I find myself looking back on it as a basketball-game-with-curses. The overriding metaphor of *The Slave* is a shooting war between blacks and whites. The leader of the blacks breaks into the home of the white woman who was formerly his wife and is married now to the liberal-intellectual who was formerly his friend. The revolutionary threatens with a pistol and announces that he has come for his two children. Since the revolutionary was formerly a poet, there is a lot of arguing about values, Western Civilization, the mores of blacks and whites, and so on. Perhaps the form of this can best be indicated if I describe first a striking peculiarity of the language and then some of the reactions of the audience. Let me only say here that Jones is not dealing with overt facts of political and social oppression, but solely with images already magnetized by the popular errors of racist thinking. I would like to say, too, that being wounded, getting angry, and fighting back, is quite a different thing from being wounded, denying the wound, and lashing out blindly. The thin anger of the latter is the pervasive flavoring of both plays.

The language runs strikingly into one pattern. The adolescents of *The Toilet* do not so much talk to each other as participate in a kind of fugue. It divides into three movements: projected contempt, bravado, and the denial of self-contempt. The whites of *The Slave* are dummy figures and talk dummy language, but the language of the Negro revolutionary is frequently crackling and alive. Here again, however, the pattern recurs, and in fact there is no relief from it, though it is parcelled out in the form of arguments: projected contempt, bravado, and the denial of self-contempt. Severely reduced,

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the formula is this—You stink, I'm great, don't you dare say that I stink. I can think of only two contexts in life that are absolutely characterized by this pattern. One is the context of daydreams, but particularly those daydreams in which some action is carried out that has failed crushingly in life. Such dreams are filled with scapegoats and with exalted images of one's own power. The other context is that of bigotry, which in exactly the same way is characterized by scapegoats and exalted comparisons.

THERE WERE many young Negroes in the audience the night that I saw these plays. More than a few shouted their approval, and from time to time the theater swarmed with the hatreds of racism. There were three high-points in their excitement. The first occurred when the Negro revolutionary beat up the liberal-intellectual (judo); the second when the revolutionary enacted a brief rape of his former wife; and the third when the revolutionary finally shot the intellectual. The responses of the young men in the audience, however ("Give it to him!"), were not triggered by the actions, but by the well-turned and very plentiful put-down-Whitey phrases that accompanied them. Which is to say that the actions were not presented as actions at all, but as a form of gloating—precisely as in fantasies.

But the same gleeful participation occurred when the revolutionary boasted of the destruction of universities, and of the destruction of the city (and in general when he expressed contempt for any cultural thing); and when he talked like a stud, first in contempt of his "dick-less" friend, then in praise of himself; and so on.

This is what it means to play the demagogue. It is to attempt nothing and resolve nothing, but to amplify the sub-vocal speech of the fantasist. *The whites have it coming to them,* spoken in this context, has nothing whatever to do with the angry but open-eyed confrontation of Negroes with their white oppressors. On the contrary, it is the rationalization of disengagement. When Jones's young supporters parrot his phrase about a canon of Negro values, they are saying, alas, that they will cling to the self-aggrandizing conceits which make them feel good precisely in the absence of values. I have heard it objected that because of the enormous deprivation they have suffered, these young men should not be expected to forgo this "growing stage" of angry self-conceit. But I would put it the other way around: they need and deserve far more than what Jones or any other demagogue is giving them. The leaders they must trust are those who propose them actions as whole men. Jones is asking them to adjust forever to racial conflict, as if there were nothing more in life.

But what is the attachment of white liberals to plays of this kind? As I have tried to indicate, Jones is dealing with victims and with authority. Just as he mis-labels the victims *black*, he mis-labels the authority *white*. Certainly he knows, or should know, that the authority which in fact pertains is not an authority of race (as if there have never been revolutions of the oppressed!) but an authority of property and arms; and certainly he knows, or should know, that the life-destroying evil inheres in the nature of the authority, not in the color of those who wield it. But if Jones wanted change, he would speak for change. He speaks, instead, for the greatest possible rejection, a rejection so absolute, and so confined to fantasy, that it amounts to nothing more than hands-off-the-status-quo. I do believe that point by point his is an upside-down version of the most genteel, middle-class, liberal position. And I think that the liberals see him as one of their own, albeit a Dropout. He addresses every word to them and is confined to their system of values because he is in the business of denying no other values but those. That spurious anger, so resonant with career, can be trusted not to upset the applecart. Attitudinizing meets attitudinizing. And there ensues an expiation that never troubles the even tenor of the liberal mind.

I would like to end this by contrasting the racial rhetoric of Jones with a true work of art and then with a deep fact of life.

Genet, in *The Blacks,* also deals with the fantasies of racism. But he deals with them *as* fantasies, and the entire action of the play is such as to join the dream to the dreamer, the dreamer to a social world, and the social world to history. This is a process of turning parts into wholes, the healing effect of art. The prevailing tone is one of biting but humane irony. The differences that are raised are resolved in the synthesizing action of the mind, accessible to all. It is worth mentioning that there were no demonstrations of bigotry, white or black, during the four times that I saw that play. The reason for this, I am convinced, is that Genet addresses his audience as whole persons, not merely as dreamers. And just as they are addressed, they respond, each in his own manner participating in the enlightenment of the play. (It is worth mentioning, too, that this is the meaning of ritual theater: it establishes real, not fantasy, bonds between the actors and the audience. Its effect—unlike the purgation of the theater of catharsis—is one of fulfilling, a filling up.)

As for the fact of life—I would like to draw it from the behavior of the very young, since racial theorists tend to lose sight of what is common to human nature, and the very young, not yet having degenerated into conceits and opinions, are good images of basic truths. (It is by observing them that I retain this belief: that personal virtue, as it is apparent in actions, gestures, and faces, is a more fundamental and

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persuasive fact of life than the color of those faces. It is the thing that strikes us first, and moves us first—and when we move away rather than toward, it is not because racial differences are more important, but because we lack the courage of our first responses. The kind of political action that makes sense is based on those first responses. It raises the question of why we fail, and it tries to alter the conditions that make us fail.)

The example I have been thinking of is this: a Negro girl of nine, a new arrival at the school I work in, is having trouble with reading, chiefly because she is frightened. The teacher, a white woman, takes her aside and talks to her about this and that, and about the reading, and presently a clarifying *something* passes through her and she realizes what she had never quite realized before: that the written words are a form of speech. Just at the moment that her face becomes bright, she leans against the teacher and accepts her as a person. It was no rush of affection that dissolved her distrust and drew her to the teacher. These were the by-products of something else, and that something else is shining with great clarity on her face. It is the strongest and least self-conscious of all pleasures, the pleasure of growth itself.

These are touchstones of political values—particular faces, such as hers, exemplifying general truths, such as this: that real fulfillment spreads an aura of trust and wipes out superficial differences. When I ask myself who is speaking for us, Negroes and whites alike, in our experience of such fundamental things, I think of leaders like Bayard Rustin and A. J. Muste, and of writers like Paul Goodman, who when they speak of economics mean the food we eat, and when they speak of freedom do not mean merely equality, but freedom, freedom in a positive sense: to come near the good things of life. This, I take it, is what Rustin means when he urges the people in civil rights to broaden their base, to reject the status quo of middle-class America, and to push for political change capable of uplifting the entire country.

IT IS hard to know whom Jones is speaking for. "Guerrilla warfare is inevitable in the North and the South"—so he is quoted in a recent interview. "Every black is a potential revolutionist . . . you can't use nuclear weapons against us when we kill a few cops . . . there is no way of saving America."

Is he, in fact, offering *anyone* anything to do? Or anything *to be*? He is only freezing the lines of the conflict, sacrificing change for passivity, and real emotion for a kind of frenetic anger, born in the first place of being bottled up.

GEORGE DENNISON *has written for* Arts, Kenyon Review, *and other magazines. This is his first appearance in* COMMENTARY.

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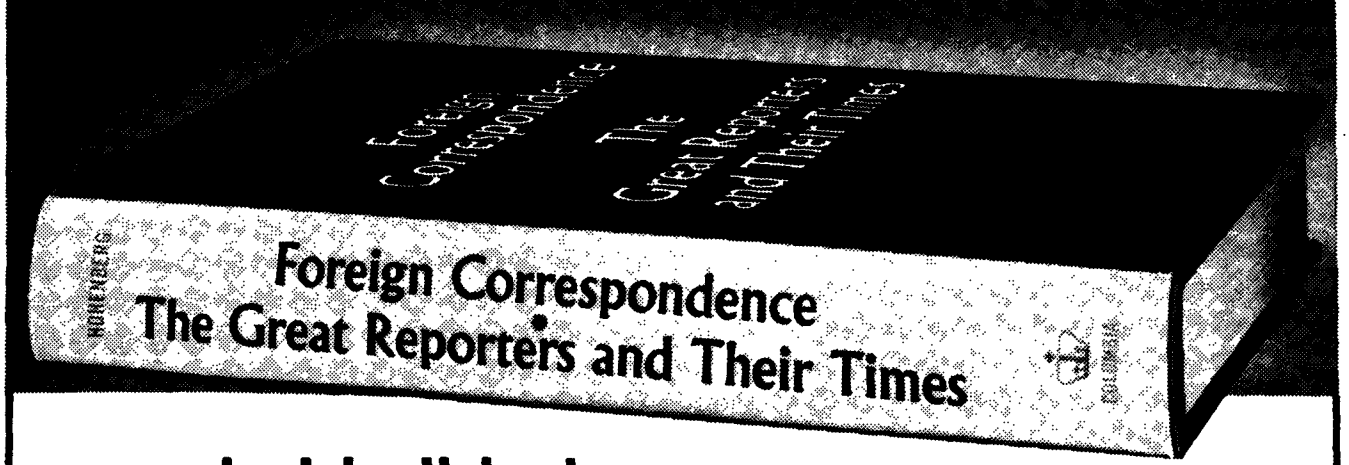

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"HEBRAISM" RECONSIDERED

JERUSALEM AND ALBION: THE HEBRAIC FACTOR IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By HAROLD FISCH. *Schocken. 320 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

"HEBRAISM,—and here is the source of its wonderful strength—has always been severely pre-occupied with an awful sense of the impossibility of being at ease in Zion; of the difficulties which oppose themselves to man's pursuit or attainment of that perfection of which Socrates talks so hopefully, and, as from this point of view one might almost say, so glibly." Reading these words of Matthew Arnold in my father's copy of *Culture and Anarchy* as a youngster of eighteen, I scribbled angrily in the margin: "No no. That is English puritanism, not Hebraism at all." And when I came to the passage beginning, "As one passes and repasses from Hellenism to Hebraism, from Plato to St. Paul" and concluding with a picture of Hebraism's view of man as "an unhappy chained captive, labouring with groanings that cannot be uttered to free himself from the body of this death," I became even more annoyed, and wrote in the margin: "M. A. is fathering Christian patristic ideas on the Old Testament." On the next page, beside Arnold's comment that "through age after age and generation after generation, our race, or all that part of our race which was most living and progressive, was *baptized into a death*; and endeavoured, by suffering in the flesh, to cease from sin," I burst into the following pencilled observation: "Arnold confuses three things under the name 'Hebraism'—(1) Christian patristic teaching, (2) English Puritanism, and (3) the teachings of St. Paul. *None* of these things is true Hebraism, which is wholly opposed to the notion than man must suffer in this life if he is to avoid sin."

LOOKING back on those faded pencillings after thirty-four years, I am equally surprised at my early recognition of Matthew Arnold's confusion between Hebraism and Puritanism and at the persistence of that confusion in the work of so many critics and scholars since then. I was particularly gratified, therefore, to find in the introductory chapter of Harold Fisch's admirable study of the Hebraic factor in 17th-century English literature a cogently argued demonstration of the nature of this confusion. Mr. Fisch begins with a reference to the famous "dissociation of sensibility" diagnosed by T. S. Eliot and he goes on to show how, contrary to the views of some recent critics, this had no connection with the Puritan ousting of the New Testament in favor of the Old. No such ousting, in fact, took place. Doctrinal Puritans generally started not with the Law of Moses but with Paul's Letter to the Romans: that is where both Calvin and Bunyan began. In *The Pilgrim's Progress,* "Christian is redirected by Evangelist who leads him away from the Old Testament Covenant of Works to the still waters of the Pauline Covenant of Grace." It was the Arminian opponents of Calvinist orthodoxy who leaned more on the Old Testament. Mr. Fisch cites the learned Miltonist, Don M. Wolfe: "Over much, if not all, that lours dark and forbidding [over seventeenth-century Puritanism] lies the shadow of Calvin and the laws of Moses." Such a remark is "a kind of theological zeugma," comments Mr. Fisch, and continues:

> The Puritan ethic may be bad for poetry, but to what extent is this true of the Old Testament? Is it true to speak of the Old Testament as being too 'aware of the danger of love' [as Kathleen Nott does] and its hatred of the sexual life? What about the Song of Songs? Where, moreover, does it build up intellectual structures and drive away from the life of imagination and experience? Would this apply to the Book of Psalms? That incidentally was the book which (as he tells us in the third Century of his Meditations) kindled the imagination of Traherne and made him aware of the radiance and splendor of the world of Nature around him. It is perhaps worth saying, however obvious this may seem, that the Old Testament is written to a far greater extent than the New Testament in poetry, and poetry which is, I fancy, particularly "undissociated." It relates the ways of God to Man, but it does so by means of concrete images, the image of the vineyard and its keeper, of the shepherd and his flock, of a man and his wife . . . . It contains one book, Job, which is an explicit refutation of dogma, and another, Ecclesiastes, which is, to say the least of it, a notably ironic treatment of religious dogmatism.

This is well said, and indeed Mr. Fisch might have gone further and remarked that the selective use of the Old Testament by so many modern critics of literature and of civilization, in order to emphasize the element of primitive ritual and the belief in God's "jealousy," gives a totally misleading impression of that extraordinary anthology of Hebrew literature. Isaiah's splendidly moving vision of universal peace, Micah's ringing announcement of the basic divine requirements of justice, mercy, and humility, Malachi's rhetorical assertion of the unity of mankind, to say nothing of the impassioned pleas for social justice that run through all the Hebrew prophets—quote these to most people and they assume as a matter of course that you are quoting from the New Testament. Personally, I would trade the whole of the New Testament for the Psalms, some of the Prophets, and the Book of Job (a declaration made on literary

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and humanist rather than on religious grounds, though you might make it on religious ground too). Where these Old Testament books have operated as an influence in English literature they have in most cases been enriching and liberating agents. If we add to these books the noble melancholy wisdom of Ecclesiastes, we can talk with complete confidence of the influence of the Hebrew Bible in providing depth, energy, and poetic feeling to a whole range of 17th-century English prose. The contrived rhetoric of the Ciceronian style and the dry aphoristic mode of the Senecan both yield, in the greatest 17th-century English prose, to a conscious imitation of the style of Hebrew Wisdom literature, with its combination of profound feeling and concrete image, of poetic movement and prose fluidity, of emotion and reason. The parallelism as well as the imagery of much of Sir Thomas Browne's prose derive more from the Hebrew Bible than from any other single source. Indeed, what Mr. Fisch calls "Hebraic prose" runs right through the 17th century, and can be seen in Sir Walter Ralegh, Thomas Fuller, Joseph Hall (whose Centuries of Meditations have been unfairly neglected, and who was much influenced by the Psalms, as were all 17th-century writers of Meditations), Thomas Traherne, and others.

THE style and feeling of a handful of prose writers are not, it might be argued, central to a civilization, and to demonstrate the Hebraic factor in 17th-century prose is not, perhaps, to demonstrate anything very overpowering. Mr. Fisch diagnoses something more profound. "The book of Genesis taught that God created the world and declared it to be good; it can therefore not be abandoned to the rule of the Devil. It is this very fundamental Jewish doctrine working explicitly and implicitly within the structure of Christian thought and feeling which saved medieval Christianity from the dangers of Manicheeism, from the complete division of spheres." Such a view operates equally against Christian other-worldliness and Stoic *apatheia* and *ataraxia*, and the Protestant rediscovery of the Bible in the 16th and 17th centuries had its effect in both these directions. The desire to be up and doing, to change the world either for "the relief of man's estate," as Bacon wished to do, or to fulfil a messianic hope for his own country, as Milton before his disillusionment wished to do, is bound up with an Old Testament and not a New Testament view of the world. Perhaps we ought to take a look again at the Weber-Tawney thesis about religion and the rise of capitalism in the light of the activist implications of Hebraism (even though, in Mr. Fisch's words, it was "a distorted Hebraism, one cut free from Covenant responsibilities and ethical restraints").

IN DIAGNOSING the working of Hebraism in 17th-century England one is continually confronted by paradoxes. The Calvinist doctrine of election, with its reminiscence of the Old Testament doctrine of the election of Israel to which it was meant to be directly analogous, involves the doctrine of determinism and the denial of free will, both utterly repugnant to the Hebraic tradition. Calvinism, and much English Puritanism, interpreted the Old Testament notion of covenant and election in the light of the Pauline fight against the law of Works (identified by many Puritans with Roman Catholicism) and against that priestly ceremonial which was seen as at once Jewish in origin and Catholic in present practice. The Calvinist "Covenant of Grace" is not, as the Hebrew Covenant was, a covenant operating within time and involving mutual obligations between man and God; it is a guarantee which liberates the receiver from reciprocal obligations. It thus

> . . . served to intensify many of the dissociative forces in 17th-century life: it produced a climate in which enormous energy could be released in the economic and political spheres by the Puritan believer urged on by his sense of election and mission. But in the system of Calvinism that energy will not be ethically controlled, since the Kingdom of God is not to be constructed out of the materials of this world. Consequently, it finds itself free from ethical restraints, and this results all too often in ugliness (the ugliness of the Industrial Revolution for instance) and in the pursuit of power for its own sake.

This seems to me to be a just charge, but at the same time Mr. Fisch, for whom Hebraism is invariably something wholly good, is not playing quite fair, for he is silent on that aspect of the Hebraic insistence on good works in this world which enables such works to degenerate so easily (as they have historically so often degenerated) into mere fulfilment of formal, often ritual, requirements. The dialectic is more complicated than Mr. Fisch will allow. Not only is there the prime difference between those who insist on the performance of good works in this world and those who deny the efficacy of works and the relevance of this world; there are also important differences in ways of defining good works. After all, that is what much of Hebrew prophecy is about. "Bring no more vain oblations; it is an offering of abomination unto me. . . . Your new moons and your appointed seasons my soul hateth; . . . Learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

If Calvinist determinism and refusal to regard this world as the true theater of moral action can produce an activism freed of ethical restraints, Hebraic insistence on the proper actions in this world can produce the opposite result of lack of discrimination between the trivial and the significant, between the ethically meaningless and the ethically fruitful. Once you set out what a man has to do, there is always a danger of the actions being formalized into prescribed symbolic gestures. Nobody can say that Judaism has been altogether free from this danger, any more than anyone can deny that the Hebraic doctrine of election, though never subject to as terrifying abuses as the Calvinist doctrine of election, did have its face of exclusiveness and cruelty as well as its face of universality. In making his scholarly and well argued plea for a proper recognition of the manifold influences of Hebraism on 17th-

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century thought, Mr. Fisch might have done well to bear in mind the different and sometimes contradictory streams of Hebraism recently so sharply defined by Jacob Agus in his book, *The Meaning of Jewish History.** It is true that much that has been attributed to Hebraism from Matthew Arnold on is not part of Hebraism at all, but belongs to Pauline Christianity or to the very un-Hebraic doctrines of Calvin; but it is nevertheless special pleading to diagnose all unfortunate products of Hebraism in England as the effects of a "distorted" Hebraism. The identification of themselves with the Israelites of the Bible, which gave so much self-confidence and such high messianic hopes to so many puritan Englishmen, also produced a considerable amount of nonsense and cruelty. And the Catholic Church was not altogether unjustified in its fear of the consequences of allowing vernacular Bibles to get into the hands of the multitude. There are a great many different sorts of things in the Bible, and some of them can be dangerous not only to prose style. Mr. Fisch does not feel called upon to comment on the effect on 17th-century life of the popular discovery that God had said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

THIS IS a minor cavil about an excellent and long overdue book, whose argument I have traced only through its first third. Mr. Fisch goes on to locate the Hebraic element in Milton with greater precision than any earlier writer has done; he sees clearly both the development of Milton's Hebraic Protestant humanism (so un-Puritan in many ways) and the "despairing counter theme" in his later work, with its "anti-judaic evangelical theology." His diagnosis of the "curious complex of Hebraic optimism and evangelical pessimism" which characterized Milton's psychology at the close of the Commonwealth is one of the best things in the book, and it is argued with inescapable logic. Jeremy Taylor, too, emerges in a new and interesting light when viewed from the perspective of Hebraic influences. His emphasis on right doing rather than on right thinking, his playing down of the doctrine of the Trinity, his softening almost to the point of non-existence of the doctrine of Original Sin, his insistence on the innocence of unbaptized infants, and above all his conviction of the essential goodness of man as a child of God, all suggest a strong Hebraic element in his thinking, which is much like Milton's before his disillusionment. Taylor's insistence on the innocence of children is linked to this theme as expressed in the poetry of Traherne and Vaughan. Vaughan is known to have been influenced by rabbinical sources in his view of the innocence of childhood. In short, "what Jeremy Taylor, Traherne, and Vaughan are doing . . . is to place a tremendous emphasis on Man's natural gifts and potentialities, so that Grace, as a gift distinct from Nature, becomes unnecessary."

Mr. Fisch's discussion of the Cambridge Platonists and of Hobbes is less original and, so far as it involves Hebraism, less convincing. But the book as a whole shows with splendid clarity what can be done by way of illuminating an area both of English literature and of European intellectual history by a scholar and critic who is at home in both Albion and Jerusalem. There have been too many dabblers in this field, too many superficial converts to Buberism or the Hasidic tradition or some other fashionable aspect of Jewish sensibility, smattering about with inadequate knowledge. Mr. Fisch's scholarly and eloquent book sets a new standard for this kind of discussion.

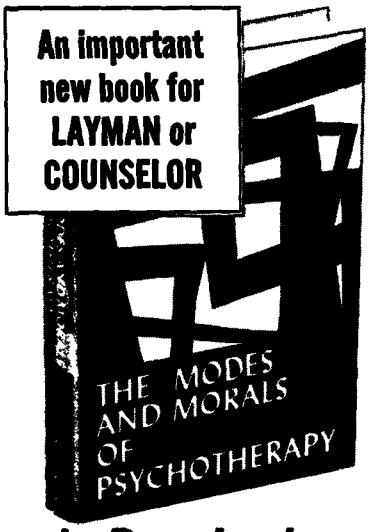
* Reviewed by Mr. Daiches in our April 1964 issue.—Ed.

PRESCRIPTION AND PRICES

THE REAL VOICE. By RICHARD HARRIS. *Macmillan. 245 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

THE LATE Senator Estes Kefauver did not become chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly until January 1957. When he achieved this eminence, however, he made a real thing of it. He held a series of "adminis-



by Perry London

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tered price" hearings: steel, autos, finally drugs. The first two are monuments to economic fact-gathering—reputed to be the most impressive since the reports of the Temporary National Economic Committee at the tail-end of the New Deal. But the third, his extensive hearings on the drug industry (held shortly before he died a twice-defeated candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination), was the one that got the most publicity. Unlike the others, the drug hearings resulted in an enacted bill—a gold star on Capitol Hill.

The Real Voice is a fascinating anecdotal narrative about the whole process by a very effective *New Yorker* writer with a good command of novelistic techniques. The villain of the drama described by Richard Harris here is the drug (that is, the prescription drug) industry—personalized somewhat by individual apologists and lobbyists, but mostly appearing straight as the huge profit-seeking mechanism it is. The drug industry has been zooming to financial glory by reason of a major technological bonanza. Like many such, the new drug technology seems to have had its origin in one of our war efforts: antibiotics as a big postwar item grew out of the demand for penicillin during World War II. Besides antibiotics, the big early sellers were cortisone and tranquilizers. But the drug industry is not merely fortunate, as some others are, in having been handed an opportunity to exploit technological advances; the drug industry is peculiar. This is not only because it has a very personal application to immediate matters of pain and death, or because it sells a new order of merchandise which might be called "necessitous luxuries." It is peculiar for two additional reasons.

First, the industry "sells" only to thousands of doctors, who in turn "sell" to millions of consumers. In this special distribution system, the doctor's profit has nothing to do with the industry's profit. Second, the industry seems to have been the special victim of the breakdown of our patent system as traditionally conceived. Briefly, it is too expensive to litigate-out a patent all the way; also, you can lose the patent altogether, since the courts are tougher than the Patent Office. According to Mr. Harris (who relies on the Kefauver staff work), what the drug firms have done has been to settle litigations among themselves whereby the patent is preserved and the take of the interested parties is apportioned out of court. This amounts to private administration of the patent privilege, also called "collusion."

THE PATENT FACTOR is not the main angle, however. The main thing is selling trade names and pharmaceutical variations to doctors. This is done by advertising and by salesmen. There is one salesman for every five workers in the drug industry—they are called "detail men." There is one detail man for every ten doctors in the country; they run their routes regularly, and give away tons of samples. Additional tons, along with elaborate brochures, arrive by mail. The industry indulged in 3.8 billion *pages* of journal advertising in 1959, sent out three-quarters of a billion "direct-mail impressions," and the detail men made nearly twenty million calls on doctors and pharmacists. In 1958, the 22 largest companies spent 24 per cent of gross on advertising and promotion. This ante keeps out more small fry than the patents ever could.

When the doctor, for instance, writes "Miltown" (a brand name) instead of "meprobamate" (its chemical name) on a prescription, the hundreds of millions of dollars of promotional expense are justified. To assist him in doing so, the drug companies—besides the great expenditure of money—concoct chemical names only a philologist could remember and spell ("clordizapoxide") to match the catchy trades names ("Librium"). And when a doctor prescribes Miltown or Librium, the druggist by law may not substitute the cheapest reliable meprobamate or clordizapoxide on the market. (The same applies to slight pharmaceutical variations and combination drugs.) Kleenex never had it so good.

Anybody who followed the boom market of the 50's even casually knows how hot drug profits were. That was what Kefauver started after—in line with his antitrust and monopoly jurisdiction, his interest in non-market pricing, and his staff's initial probing of the industry. His first headline on the front page of the New York *Times* read: "Senate Panel Cites Markups on Drugs Ranging to 7,079%." The final headlines of the machine-of-concern which he had set in motion were, of course, those concerning thalidomide and the American woman who went to Sweden for an abortion rather than give birth to a child deformed by the drug. These headlines measure the shift of concentration in the hearings from pricing to side effects. The American people ended up more interested in occasional poison than in day-to-day prices. (This seems to me to offer some kind of poisonous food for thought.) In any event, the fact that the drug companies had cut some testing corners—had rushed with unseemly speed to make their wonder drugs available for the creation of their wonder profits—provided the decisive thrust for both the content and the passage of the final bill. This bill accomplishes something, it is said, regarding FDA supervision of testing and labeling as to side effects; but nothing much has been done about pricing and patent procedures. So be it: that is, I believe, the truth of American popular interest. There is not much real objection to the basic structure of corporate advertising power in this country.

THE LAST WORD must be reserved for Senator Estes Kefauver. He was a bull of an intellectual from Tennessee—a graduate of the Yale Law School who campaigned in a coonskin hat. One of his chief assistants in the drug hearings viewed him as the last of the Populists, because of his antitrust tilting against vested urban windmills. Mr. Harris quotes a "veteran observer of affairs on Capitol Hill" to the effect that Kefauver was "The Shakespeare of Committee chairmen. . . . He takes the work of some Saxo Grammaticus on his staff and brings it to life for the man on the street." That language (the Library of Congress and the Shakespeare Folger Library are both situated on Capitol Hill) suggests that the Senator was exceptionally good at parlaying staff work, even of a de-

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cidedly intellectual or academic or expert nature, into headlines. With that talent for bridging the distance between his academic staff and the popular mind as he conceived it, no wonder he thought he could be President. He was an early, local Kennedy; a late, sophisticated Johnson.

But he was slow and careful, ponderous and profoundly calculated: his most frequently reported quality was "unruffled persistence." Kefauver was an even more withdrawn Wilson—*after the ball was over*. I had the occasion to stare at him for a half-hour or so, within a year or two of his death: I have hardly ever seen such a depressed individual outside of an asylum. In my opinion, he represents very meaningfully the *Walpurgisnacht* of American liberal *will*, relying on and appealing to native righteousness. I emphasize "will": the cultural sources had dried up before he did. As *The Real Voice* (the title is taken from Woodrow Wilson, incidentally) ends, Kefauver puts down a book—on the urging of his staff—to solicit an invitation to the signing ceremony of Public Law 87-781. He invited himself, but President Kennedy—who was uninterested in the drug investigation but had taken over the action for headline reasons—gave him the first cheap signing-pen. The book he had laid aside was equal to the event—"a dog-eared copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*."

THE NAY SAYERS

THE THEATRE OF REVOLT. By ROBERT BRUSTEIN. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. 435 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by JOHN GROSS

THERE WAS ONCE a man who planned to write a history of England from 1066 to the present, to be entitled "The Age of Transition." At first sight Robert Brustein's book seems much the same kind of enterprise. What dramatic performance, other than a religious ritual or an official public ceremony, could not at a pinch be described as belonging to the Theater of Revolt? And what is the point of an extended comparison between "revolts" as dissimilar as those of Chekhov and Strindberg, Pirandello and Shaw? Would "revolt" be the first word, in fact, which anyone would think of applying to the Chekhovian sense of waste or the Pirandellian preoccupation with masks, if he were not wedded to the notion already? But Mr. Brustein is far too shrewd not to foresee such objections, and far too agile to let himself be trapped by his own title. He keeps his central concept flexible enough to allow for the main individual differences between his eight chosen dramatists, without going to the other extreme and refining it out of existence with riders and qualifications.

Before the Theater of Revolt, says Mr. Brustein, there was a Theater of Communion. He is rather uneasy with this latter idea, and drops it after his opening chapter, since almost from the very beginnings of secular drama individual writers have shown signs of unrest. In the tragedies of Shakespeare, for instance, there can already be heard what Mr. Brustein terms, none too happily, "an existential groan." But it is only since the 19th century that dramatists have taken as their starting point the rebellious or pessimistic conclusions toward which their predecessors struggled slowly and painfully. The Theater of Revolt is the offspring of Romanticism, and since Ibsen all truly significant drama has been built on the romantic poet's *non serviam*, the absolute rejection of received opinion and established authority. The revolt comes in three phases, labeled by Mr. Brustein messianic, social, and existential: the first is essentially a quarrel with God, the second with the bourgeois order, the third with the human condition. But the first and the third clearly have a good deal in common, while the second is only of artistic value if it leads on to the third. The dramatist who offers remedies and consolations, or puts forward a constructive political program, is betraying his gifts. Brecht must be prized away from Marx, Shaw stripped of Shavianism, Ibsen's social dramas seen as a necessary but regrettable detour before he was able to resume the messianic rebellion of *Brand* in the more mature form of his final plays. O'Neill only begins to be interesting when the Iceman cometh and

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he sheds his last illusions; Strindberg's religious period is redeemed by his continuing anxiety and doubt. Mr. Brustein's most positive term of praise is "negative." The only physician we should trust is the one who pronounces our disease incurable; all we can ask is that by breaking the news resolutely he gives us the courage to endure.

THIS IS a plausible view of the case, backed up with considerable learning and insight. Taken one by one, Mr. Brustein's judgments usually strike me as accurate and well-founded. Yet the book as a whole somehow fails to convince: what ought to be a manifesto has too much of the air of a twice-told tale. Mr. Brustein's publishers compare it, as publishers will, with *Axel's Castle,* but a more obvious comparison would be with *The Playwright as Thinker,* which covers a good deal of the same ground. With Eric Bentley, however, it was largely new ground; but what was once fresh and exciting has now become fairly predictable. Not that Mr. Brustein merely parrots Bentley, of course; he has a mind of his own, and over some authors — Shaw, O'Neill—he takes a quite different line. But the general effect is much less novel and unorthodox than his tone implies. On the contrary, there is something rather reassuring about the way in which the old familiar tags keep coming round. 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone, we murmur cheerfully; mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. The trouble is that Mr. Brustein has set his sights too low. For much of the time his invisible antagonist appears to be a not-very-bright student—with an inordinate admiration for Arthur Miller—who needs to have everything banged into his head a dozen times. As a result, Mr. Brustein's manner tends to be short, sharp, and schoolmasterish, and he takes very little for granted. "Many of these works belong to that genre which we now call Expressionism." "Richard M. Ohmann, in *Shaw: The Style and the Man,* demonstrates, through a study of Shavian style, that the author often cultivates outrage for its own sake." This last is from a chapter which elsewhere contains subtle comments on Shaw's "secret aesthetic-

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ism" and on the fluid, dreamlike structure of *Heartbreak House*. Scattered throughout the book, indeed, there are many excellent isolated remarks. But unfortunately Mr. Brustein never allows himself to wander for long; he feels obliged to keep coming back to his basic points and hammering them home relentlessly.

This constant harping on the distinction between negative artistic rebellion and affirmative philosophical doctrine is not so much wrong as unhelpful; it leaves Mr. Brustein with less than he might otherwise have had to say. A play with a "positive" message like *A Doll's House* is brushed aside; a play based on nihilistic assumptions like *In the Jungle of Cities* is simply described in outline, as though its artistic virtues were self-evident. In a way the drama which Mr. Brustein demands is as didactic as that of the humanitarian booster whom he despises; he tends to look for a statement about life (i.e., that it's no good) rather than a vision of life in which good and evil interlock. But the theater of revolt, like any other, is a theater of conflict, in which guilt contends with defiance, the liberator is a potential tyrant, and the destroyer is also a master-builder—like Milton's Satan, the architect of Hell. The "pure" rebel, if he existed, would be an undramatic figure.

It would be unfair to suggest that Mr. Brustein doesn't see all this and often say so. He is excellent on the contradictions which animate Ibsen, clear-sighted about the neurotic conflicts which drive Strindberg. But as the book develops he slides more and more into extolling the negative, life-denying attitude for its own sake, as an end in itself. He starts treating the partial truths of art as though they were total truths about society. "In Brecht's world, as in our own, there are no more authentic heroes," he remarks while discussing *Mother Courage*. Luckily this isn't true (the bit about our own world), and to suggest that it is can only diminish a masterpiece by raising awkward questions about what Brecht was doing writing an anti-war play in 1939 anyway. What may be true, on the other hand, is that over the past century or so the artist has grown steadily less capable of dealing with heroic themes. But instead of exploring the complicated reasons why this might be so, Mr. Brustein is content to fall back on the facile rhetoric of the mass-society-monger:

> . . . while Rousseau, Ibsen and Nietzsche all anticipate Shaw's dissatisfaction with reality, none of them are [sic] moved to "save the race" through whole-hearted identification with the community, perhaps because they realize that the state which promises life has served, through mass culture, mass conformity and mass wars, to degrade, dehumanize, and take life away.

This is the cant of the age; it depends on running together mass culture, mass conformity, and mass wars as though they were all really the same thing, and it results in Mr. Brustein's closing chapter on Antonin Artaud and Jean Genet, who "may well go down as the dramatic artist who presided over the disintegration of the West." The West isn't disintegrating and Genet, for all his powerful gifts, isn't a writer of that stature. As for the cult of Artaud, it puts me in mind of a saying of Max Beerbohm: "How I wish I could keep up with the leaders of modern thought as they pass by into oblivion." A philistine reaction, no doubt; there are some important lessons to be learned from Artaud about the ritualistic aspects of drama. But they are mixed up with a mass of imbecility, and to take him as solemnly as Mr. Brustein does scarcely seems compatible with, say, an unqualified admiration for the humanity of Chekhov.

Perhaps what is wrong with *The Theatre of Revolt* is that it isn't fanatical enough. Mr. Brustein's tone belies his message; he doesn't write like a man challenging the gods, but like a methodical, meticulous professor. And instead of uttering existential groans, he is constantly acknowledging how indebted he is to so-and-so's perceptive study of such-and-such. He has few erratic opinions (apart from a baffling idea that "America is one of the few countries in history to have no socially approved outlets for the wilder instincts"), and he suffers from many of the very vir-

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tues which he deplores: he is orderly, fair-minded, urbane. But because he has adopted such a stark thesis, what he has produced is a glorified textbook. A pity, because his best passages—such as the warm appreciations of *The Cherry Orchard* and *A Long Day's Journey into Night*—are much finer than that would suggest. They are also, interestingly enough, the sections of the book to which the doctrine of a Theater of Revolt seems least relevant.

DOING SOMETHING ABOUT TV

EQUAL TIME: THE PRIVATE BROADCASTER AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST. By NEWTON N. MINOW. Edited by LAWRENCE LAURENT. *Atheneum. 316 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by WALTER GOODMAN

NEWTON N. MINOW came to the post of Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission in 1961 with estimable qualities. He was intelligent, energetic, and forthright. He owed no debts to the broadcasting industry and had no ambitions to become a TV executive some day soon. He was not happy with the condition of American television, and he had ideas for improving it. And if this were not enough, he had been appointed by an administration which was soon to be celebrated for its taste. Here at last, editorial writers could hope, was an FCC Chairman who would *do something.*

This collection of Mr. Minow's speeches—informatively, if somewhat effusively, annotated by the Washington *Post*'s TV editor, Lawrence Laurent—shows that he tried. It also shows that he had some success—encouraging an increase in public affairs programming, opening up the UHF spectrum, assisting educational TV. But what it shows most clearly, from the famous "vast wasteland" speech forward, is that neither taste nor intelligence nor energy nor even courage, nor all of these put together, can bring the light to American television. Mr. Minow's book appeared a few weeks after the announcements, with flourishes, of the "new" TV season. Television fare remains what it was when he took office—not beneath contempt, perhaps, but well beneath comment.

In his repeated exhortations to broadcasters, Mr. Minow sometimes appears to believe that if those fellows would only shape up, they could make a garden out of their Negev. But, of course, he knows better. The FCC, that odd creation of a government which has never quite figured out what use ought to be made of the public wavelengths, is confronted not by benighted individuals (some broadcasters are formidably enlightened), but by the kind of power alliance that haunted C. Wright Mills. Even with the best will in the world, a state not always achieved by FCC appointees, the Commission is a feeble instrument of public policy against the phalanx of money and influence represented by the television industry.

It did not take Mr. Minow long to grasp these facts of life among the broadcasters. There were the networks, a comfortably unregulated oligopoly, whose prosperity is guaranteed by a benevolent government which its spokesmen periodically chastise for taking too close an interest in its behavior. There were the advertisers, the largest corporations in the land, which by default have taken control of a medium that matters to them about as much as a billboard can matter. There were the local station owners, profiting phenomenally from their cheaply rendered franchises and for the most part honoring their professions of public service more in the breach than in the observance. And last, but by no means least, as Mr. Minow unhappily reminds us, there was the U. S. Congress with its cadre of influential members who either own or are intimately connected with radio and TV stations in their home states and districts. (President Johnson's case is unusual in its dimensions but it is far from unique.)

Mr. Minow's reasonable and over-due proposals for separating the administrative and judicial responsibilities of the FCC cannot redress this imbalance of power. In the rare instances when the two parties actually come into direct conflict, the FCC can count on being crushed—as it was not long ago in its weak plea for Congressional permission to curb excessive commercials. Such embarrassment is usually avoided by keeping the conflict on a more remote plane where the FCC can make rhetoric and the industry can make counter-rhetoric and money.

AS IF THE struggle were not one-sided enough, our uncertain guardians of the public interest continue to hamstring themselves by constantly invoking The People. Here Mr. Minow is guilty, though again he undoubtedly knows better. He quotes Mencken's remark—"No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public"—but he seems unable to get through a speech to broadcasters without reminding them that "I believe in the people's good sense and good taste, and I am not convinced that the people's taste is as low as some of you assume." This deference to the democratic citizenry is pardonable in a public servant on public display—but it puts him in an awkward position. For now he must argue that the rating services are either cockeyed or "misused," when the likelihood is that if they were more accurate, they would reveal the nation's taste to be even more abysmal. He must also argue that the networks are not giving their audience a real choice, though whenever there *is* a choice, the overwhelming majority selects the more trivial offering. After Mr. Minow's widely publicized debut speech, a lady in Des Moines wrote to him: "I have checked three issues of *TV Guide* and I have gone through the TV listings in the daily paper. Would you tell me, please, what is the hour and the day for that program you mentioned, 'The Vast Wasteland'?"

Mr. Minow is on more solid ground when he points out that however distressing the taste of the majority, there is always a sizable minority audience out there and that commercial television has found no way to satisfy it. (Educational TV hasn't done much better—but that's another problem.) His suggestions for attempting to meet minority desires are sensible and moderate. He wants many more

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channels opened up, including some that are not supported by advertising; he believes that advertisers and agencies, like their English counterparts, should get out of the programming business and merely buy time for their sales messages; he assures the immensely prospering networks that no one will bring an antitrust action against them if they cooperate to offer children something besides cartoons in the late afternoon and stagger their few respectable children's shows instead of presenting them at the same hours on the weekend.

Needless to say, Mr. Minow rejects the idea of federal ownership as abhorrent to the American spirit. He also rejects the idea "that there is something wrong with our basic principles and that competition—particularly commercial competition—must necessarily result in the disregard of minority tastes in favor of more profitable majority-taste programming." The evidence in his book, however, indicates that he has here summed up the situation pretty well.

ANOTHER PROBLEM which Mr. Minow touches on briefly is that of talent. He apparently shares the assumption of much TV criticism that if only all those writers, directors, and producers were free to tap their creative juices we would enter a glorious era of the 21-inch screen. Alas, it is simply not so. To be sure, the inanities and restrictions of sponsors can be maddening, but the poor businessmen should not be blamed for every deficiency of nature. There is not talent enough even in this large and bountiful land to fill, with some semblance of taste, all those hours, to satisfy an audience which devours so much and digests so little. When pressed, reformers are likely to point to a series like *The Defenders* as an example of what television can do when it really tries. They applaud earnestness of intention, rate drama by its resemblance to social work, and yearn for a return to the great years of Paddy Chayefsky. It's enough to make a man switch on an old movie.

Newton Minow turned in a good try at the FCC. But the only thing that could have given his campaign to improve television half a chance was an outraged public opinion. It does not exist. The small minority that is disgusted with the stuff that keeps pouring forth still manages to remain impassioned and articulate. But we should not allow ourselves to be misled: the conspicuous truth is that here, as on other of our "new frontiers," the public is passively content. The only blood that is being spilled for the sake of American television is on our screens.

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THE LITTLE BOURGEOIS

THE WORDS. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated from French by BERNARD FRECHTMAN. *Braziller. 255 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by KATHLEEN NOTT

SARTRE OCCASIONALLY describes himself as a Marxist. It is difficult to see why, unless we suppose that in his own Existentialist "Church" he is making a distinction between a spiritual and a secular arm. Existentialism is largely concerned with the moral self-realization of the individual. In practice, and beginning with himself, Sartre has no great hopes in this direction for actual individuals. But he may feel that Marxism, which in France is a going concern with an influential organization, could take on some of the burden of self-responsibility and provide a set of social braces.

It has been said, moreover, that Sartre plays Luther to Marx's St. Paul. As a metaphor this may give us some enlightenment. St. Paul took the Word to the Gentiles: Luther, like all subsequent "Protestants," saw that the word had become diluted and distorted and that its pristine purity of meaning had to be rescued. So the title of this first volume of Sartre's autobiography could conceivably be put in the singular. The "Word" which he is trying to rescue is the "original" goodness—truth and kindness—of the uncorrupted (and romanticized) human being whom Marxism identified with the worker. Ethically, Marxism took a markedly Calvinist form: the bourgeois is in sin, and the wages of sin is death; there are no works and no faith which will "save" the capitalist class. Thus, on the basis of this book—which is about the way he might, with luck, be saved, *justified,* by works (literary works) from the sin of having been a bourgeois and a spoiled orphan—Sartre could well be classified as a Lutheran rather than a Calvinist.

He says here that because his father died so young—far too early to be remembered—he himself has no super-ego. But this is only a way of paying tribute to Freudian doctrine, while contradicting it by being exceptional (an ambivalent

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treatment which he often accords to the great Rationalists, or determinists, from Descartes to Marx, who have influenced him and on whom he has whetted his mind). And, in fact, his super-ego is hypertrophic, as he himself is after all wryly aware. He tells us that a father would have "weighted him with a certain stable obstinancy," by which he appears to mean, would have given him an ordinary masculine self-satisfaction, the ability to steer a clear course with an unprobing conscience. This "self-choosing" existentialist would, in short, have had his moral mind made up for him in infancy if he had had a father; it would have still felt like choice, and it would also have felt a great deal more comfortable, but it would not really have been choice.

Sartre, then, suffers from a father-shaped hole. What he found to fill it was his grandfather, Charles Schweitzer, of Alsatian descent, and related to the great medical missionary, Albert. Sartre pokes a little fun at this Teutonic background of his. But it may not be quite insignificant: it may, in fact, help to account for his own particular strain of existentialism, for the somewhat ponderous language in which he expresses it when he is writing theoretically, and for his abstract attitude in matters of feeling.

Freud tried to explain the process by which the children of the third generation come to stand for the attitudes of their grandparents rather than their parents. Sartre gives us a more amusing picture of this process, and to some extent a more convincing one than Freud's, since it is acutely individualized. As a girl-widow, his mother, Ann Marie Sartre, née Schweitzer, took the infant Jean-Paul back to her father's home. Here she was completely re-absorbed and remained a charming cipher, a mere practical instrument to facilitate the spiritual flirtation which developed between Sartre and his grandfather, and which shaped his early development. Sartre declares that the extraordinarily mature, indeed cynical, insights and sharp vignettes of his early life in *The Words* are based on what he can actually remember. This is very hard to

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accept—what he writes reads brilliantly, but as a well-warranted deduction or interpretation rather than as a transcription of experience.

Far from being a burden on an old man's sense of family duty, the young Sartre was a "gift of providence." For M. Charles Schweitzer, like many people of his generation, had read Victor Hugo's *L'Art d'être grandpère* ("The Art of Being a Grandfather") and knew his role. This seems to have meant in practice a delighted projection of his own ego onto Jean-Paul, a vicarious fulfillment of all his disappointed hopes, a denial of the facts of frustration and hence of reality.

ACCORDING TO his own account, Jean-Paul quickly picked up what was in turn expected of himself, and spent hours on his stomach in his grandfather's library, poring over books which were both beyond his understanding and capacity for interest and effort—and well aware too of the effect he was making when the door silently opened and closed on brief admiring exhibitions of the prodigious and apparently unconscious infant. He compensated by reading the Horror Comics of the time, and magazines for boys (where Right always won). When this was discovered, his grandfather's heart almost broke—he had been obsessed by a fantasy of Jean-Paul "loving beyond his years" the books which he himself had never loved and could not now be bothered to read. Nevertheless, he could not be less than perfectly indulgent to the being whom he had elected to represent his sense of his own perfection (which included a perfect self-deception). Thus, although groaning, he allowed Jean-Paul to continue with his "double life."

Even now, says Sartre, he prefers reading Whodunnits and science-fiction to Wittgenstein! And it is to this set of incidents, and to his general relationship with his grandfather, that he inclines to trace his pervasive sense of *la mauvaise foi*, the duplicity and inauthenticity in human relations particularly characterizing the comfortable bourgeoisie, for whom everyone must be "nice" and for whom Truth is inevitably "nasty."

The Schweitzer family play-acted from morning to night and Jean-Paul himself avidly seized on his own role—the delighted loving little boy, the impassioned new life which brought warmth and renewal to the fading generations. Sartre is careful to show that his own development is not in any way to be accounted for in terms of a childish suffering—everyone, he would say, was if anything far too nice to him. At the same time, there was a masochistic element of duty; he acquired a strong sense of merit, but wished it to be earned. To take a comic example, it seemed right to him that grown-ups should be "ugly, wrinkled, and unpleasant. When they took me in their arms, I didn't mind having to overcome a slight disgust. This was proof that virtue was not easy. . . . I confused disgust with seriousness."

Sartre traces his intellectual compulsiveness and his incessant productivity to this early bourgeois inculcation—the capitalist production drive, as the Marxist side of him might call it. And the "moral" element of capitalist abstention is also clear: work first, pleasure after—perhaps indefinitely postponed. One can also readily accept that the forms of his literary and artistic production were set by these early experiences. Varied though they are, they are unified on the negative side. In philosophy and in art, Sartre goes for the intellectually formal which excludes feeling. Indeed he is anti-poetical, if the poet is a man with "negative capability" who allows himself and his work to be shaped by what he merely enjoys. (In *What is Literature?*, Sartre himself said that he had deliberately excluded poetry from consideration, not because it was unimportant, but because he thought too highly of it—an oddly significant reason.)

In his philosophy, the compulsion to formalism is perhaps even more remarkable than in his artistic work. One would suppose that a philosophy of existence would begin with individual feeling and intuition, and then proceed to an analysis of them. This seems indeed to be much more the case with Sartre's Christian opposite num-

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bers, from Kierkegaard to Marcel. When they talk about anguish, we feel they mean *anguish*: whereas Sartre appears to mean a technical concept. And his curious technical jargon, far from clarifying and facilitating communication, usually obscures, precisely by its refusal of natural emotional associations. On the other hand, even in his most theoretical work we can often see the novelist and dramatist at work—the odd, half-abstract, half-realized characters, the "Pierres" and "Jeans" whom he introduces to illustrate a hypothesis about the reciprocal relations of egos in human society.

SARTRE HAS always been and continues to be a dramatist; but a *prose* dramatist who does not understand poetic feeling because he fears and misunderstands positive emotions of all kinds. The poet is typically pleased with all his own passions even when they are painful, as Shelley observed: and, of course, he is delighted with the "Words" which he can find and use to pin down these hidden but related glimpses of the sensing self. I wonder why Sartre chose *The Words* as his title: after all, the one important quality in which his rich and varied intelligence seems to be lacking is just this poetic sense of language, of words in themselves. (I think it is fair to rely upon Bernard Frechtman's translation—which is not *too* English, and lets through a certain Gallic rectangularity.)

All his life, Sartre has mainly been interested in situations and structures, and if as a child he began by being fascinated with the mere printed page, this was insofar as he did not yet understand the "words"—they were valuable as material objects just because they were heavy and solid, portentous maybe but not transpicuous. (I don't rule out that this is one of the possibilities Sartre ironically wishes to convey by his title.) But it is surely significant that the book comes most alive when Sartre is describing the early silent films which he visited assiduously, holding his mother's hand. This non-verbal medium stands for so much in his later development. He is the more convincing here because he is at his wittiest: the relaxed amusement reveals his own conviction, and his resigned acceptance of the kind of character he has become. In these films the story was not only told but forecast by the thundering, thumping musical accompaniment. By the change of tune, the audience, and the heroine as well, *knew* that help would arrive on time. In other words, this world, Black and White, and speaking an unequivocal musical meaning, is a world of moral success, where Right does and always will triumph. Emotionally it is the world of the strong silent man, not tortured by the ambiguities of words: and Sartre undoubtedly feels some nostalgia for it. His description of it, at any rate, contains the only moments of real tenderness in this basically austere and bitter (but comic) self-portrait.

ONE SHOULD compare *The Words* with Sartre's essay, *Esquisse d'une théorie des emotions,* where he argues that emotions such as rage and fear are essentially purposive attempts to master the world by magical means (and are therefore doomed to subvert reality). But it is interesting that in that essay Sartre tries to reduce the positive emotions of joy and admiration to the same anti-realistic status, while elsewhere, writing of love, he describes it as essentially a reciprocal attempt to destroy freedom. Morally, his existentialism is no hope for humanity.

In sum, Sartre's study of his own early life (up to the age of twelve) makes a tragic book—in the sense that it does not really lighten the mystery of the human phenomenon. We seem helplessly self-deceptive and ambiguous. Diagnosing and describing his own bourgeois "sins" of *mauvaise foi*—inauthenticity and materialistic projection—Sartre never really comes to believe in any salvation, even by works, even by the obsessive diurnal literary task (he writes, he says, every day of his life).

Nevertheless, for our time *The Words* is a model of autobiographical writing, as different as can be from the typical rag-bag of fiction and fact (which may emerge as a novel or an "autobiography," but

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which in either case is usually a romantically conventionalized selection of details likely to appeal to the "public" of the moment, itself a conventional fiction). Sartre looks within as far and as hard as he can, and nothing which he discovers and reveals is irrelevant—or inauthentic.

A CERTAIN JUSTICE

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY. CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS AND POEMS FROM THERESIENSTADT CONCENTRATION CAMP, 1942-44. *McGraw-Hill. 80 pp. $3.95.*

Reviewed by MARY ELLMANN

ALMOST ALL the pictures reproduced here with such painstaking care were done in 1943. Almost all the children who drew them were dead in 1944. Of the 15,000 children who lived and went for a time to secret school in the Theresienstadt camp, only 100 returned to their own homes to grow up. The rest went on, to Oswietim (Auschwitz), to be killed; their drawings and poems are kept now at the State Jewish Museum in Prague.

So then, this beginning work, drawn on wrapping paper or cut out of German office forms, is the only trace of what could be a little city of children. To find that their degree of talent was not extraordinary seems, for that reason, impertinent. The work gives rather an impression of intelligence, a glimpse of quick, observant children, born capable of understanding, of comment, of preference and refusal. In the drawings more than in the poems there is also a sense of that restless activity, that rush of sensations impossible to abate at their age, liable then only to the full stop of death.

An adult would expect the pictures made by children conversant with hunger, filthy confinement, and disease to be the mirror of their precocious knowledge. And there are barred windows, barbed wire, a queue for food, a body on a stretcher. One child waits with a small suitcase for a trip, groups of children are repeatedly arranged in rigid lines (even when the line is called a dance). But an intractable vitality informs even the observation of grimness. A painting of three numbered prisoners' bunks is in gay party color. A sketch of a person with a bandaged face is impudent. A loaded transport train, the line of spindly people drawn standing on top of its cars, is almost carnival-like. And many pictures leave the camp, to remember birds, irises, pollarded trees, a sea crowded with fish, a sun furnished with eyes, nose, and mouth even as it shines down on a camp execution. Children skip rope in a park with benches; the candles of a menorah on a crooked table (tables are hard to do) are all lighted. Some boys drew soldiers and SS guards, but these are not so frightening as predictable, like other boys' doodling on the backs of spelling notebooks. The force to be themselves, to enact their childhood in the face of the abnormal and finally insuperable enmity of their surroundings, is more striking in the children's pictures than that enmity. The pencil tracing of a hand, sturdy, well formed, still small, would perhaps have been a better symbol for the collection than the butterfly.

The poems have less energy than the drawings. They describe the same distaste for the camp,

I've got to stay? It's dirty here!

and the same hunger,

The little mouse cried, "Come and see!
For lunch we've got a nice fat flea!"

The matter-of-fact child,

I'd like to go away alone
Where there are other, nicer people

and the flighty child,

Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!

share the impulse to run away from Theresienstadt. But while the same longings run in both, the swift, effortless communication of the drawings seems deflected in the poems. Later and adult translation from Czech into English may be partly responsible:

Why so many marches have been drummed here?

And another kind of deflection is

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more interesting. At twelve and thirteen the poet seems self-conscious, he watches himself writing, and his first studied purpose is to encase his experience (whatever it is) in the conventional terms which would have seemed to him, for a few more years at least, poetic.

I'll go back to childhood sweet
like a briar rose

Into the bottomless pit of time

Death wields an icy scythe,
An evil sickness spreads a terror
in its wake.

A few, for their new reasons, break through what most respect as an old propriety:

This clot of grief and shame

Body smelling close to body

Bloody words and a dead day
then,
That's something different from
bogie men!

But the more general effect is of incongruity, the adolescents forcing their ugly, unmanageable experience as camp prisoners into the forms of what they admire still as graceful and civilized expression. In sentiment, too, at this age, they held on stubbornly to what they felt to be noble:

We want to have a better world,
We want to work—we must not
die!

But no one must give up!
The world turns and times
change.

The whole, wide world is ruled
With a certain justice. . . .

But in the prose sequel, the two catalogues of drawings and poems, this justice blows away. After the title of each piece of work, the catalogues record the child's name, the date and place of his birth, the date of his coming to Theresienstadt, the date and place of his death. These details seem individual until the last, into whose reiterative sameness the others sink. All the children's poems sink too into this one refrain at the end of their book: "Died at Oswietim on October 8, 1944," "died in Oswietim on September 29, 1944," "died October 23, 1944 in Oswietim."

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

DAVID DAICHES *is professor of English and American Studies at the University of Sussex.*

DAVID T. BAZELON, *a frequent contributor, is a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington.*

JOHN GROSS *is assistant editor of* Encounter *and also its theater critic.*

WALTER GOODMAN *recently published* All Honorable Men, *a study of modern business and political ethics.*

KATHLEEN NOTT *is the well-known English essayist and novelist.*

MARY ELLMANN's *account of "The Dering Case" appeared in our July 1964 number.*

"Miracle of Israel"
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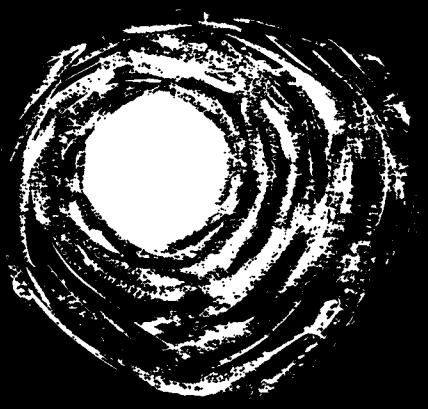

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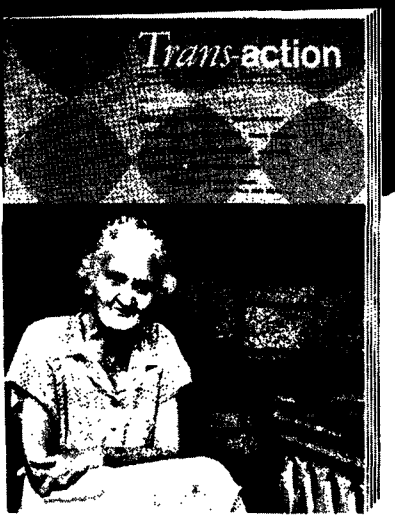

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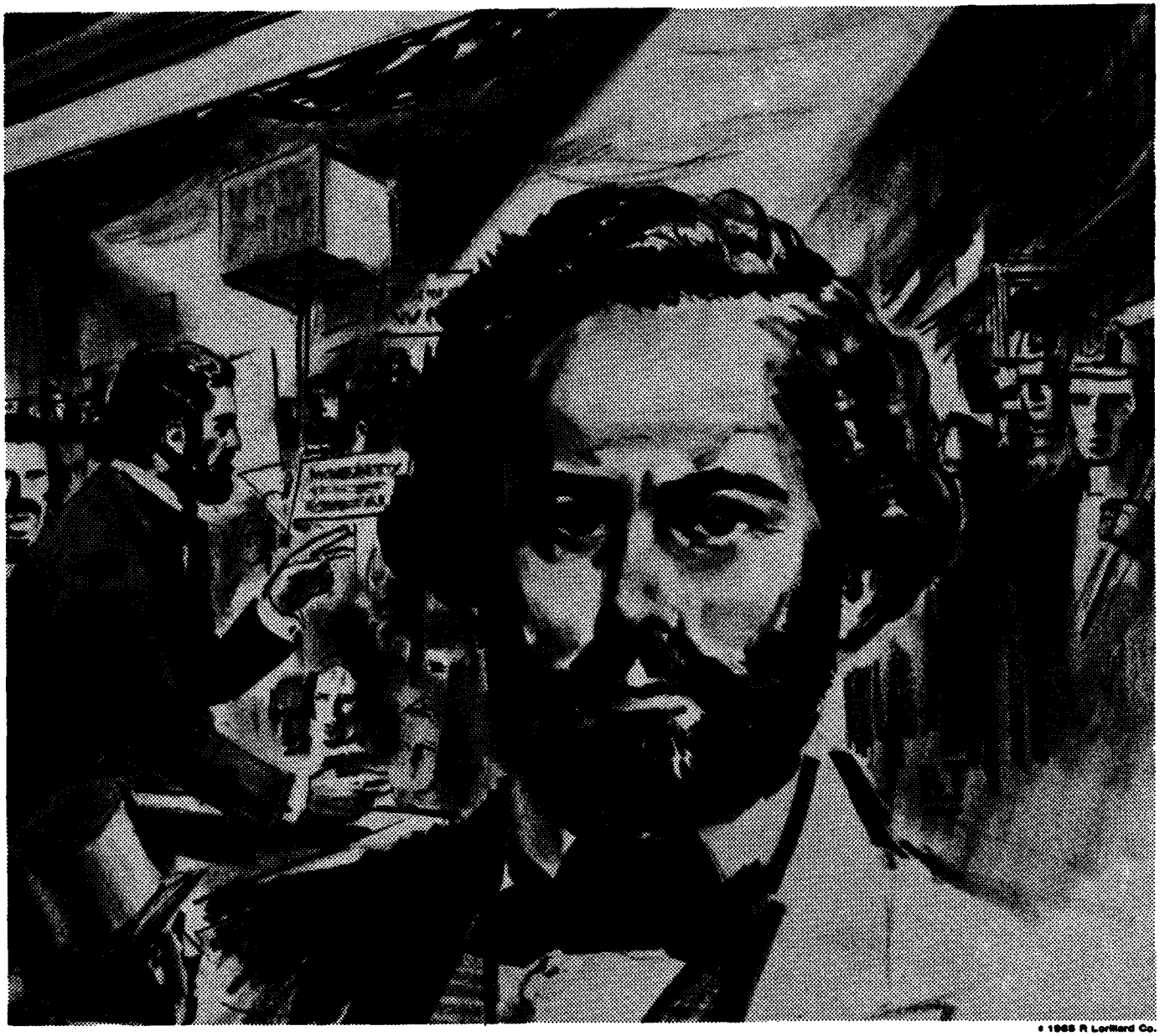

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"Have Pity for Yourselves"

Isidor Bush, who was eventually to settle in St. Louis, emigrated from Austria in 1849, after the failure of the 1848 revolution. In New York, he briefly published the first German-Jewish weekly of its kind in the United States, the *Israel's Herold.*

In St. Louis, Bush was variously a storekeeper, bank president, freight agent and publisher of The Bushberg Manual, a well-known handbook on viniculture. But his outstanding contributions as an American were in public life, to which he devoted himself almost from the day he first set foot on American soil.

In 1861, Bush was a delegate of the Union Party to the state convention which was to decide whether Missouri would secede. He helped keep Missouri in the Union. Moreover, though barred from active service in the Civil War because of an unfortunate childhood accident, Bush served as civilian secretary to General John Fremont.

As a member of the committee on emancipation at the Missouri convention in 1863, Bush argued vainly for immediate freedom for the slaves. In 1865, however, Bush was vindicated, the majority of delegates voting for the immediate abolition of slavery. Missouri was thus the first of the former slave states to free its slaves.

Isidor Bush's ideals may perhaps best be expressed by his eloquent address to the Missouri state convention: "I pray you, have pity for yourselves.... Slavery demoralizes, slavery fanaticism blinds you.... It has destroyed God's noblest work—a free and happy people."

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